

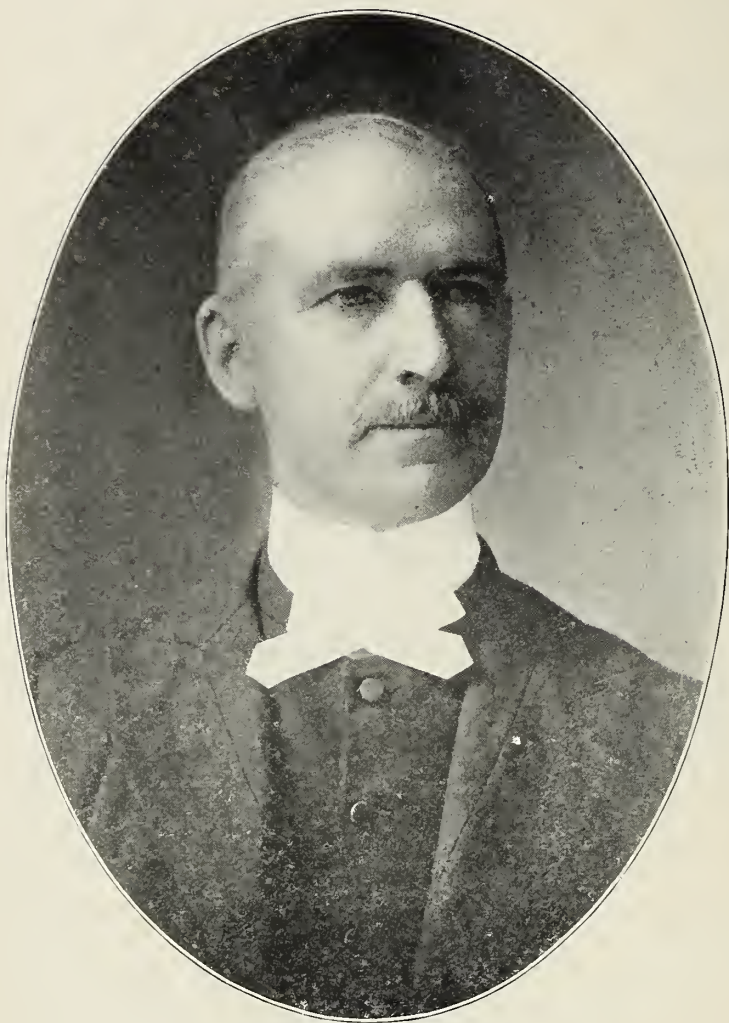
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REV. JOHN JOSIAH MUNRO
Former Chaplain of the Tombs.

Christ in the Tombs

11

or

A Square Deal for the Man in Stripes

By REV. JOHN JOSIAH MUNRO

Ex-Chaplain of the Tombs

Author of

"The New York Tombs, Inside and Out"

A Plea for the Preaching of the Old
Gospel in Prison.

"I was in prison, and ye came unto me"

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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A WORD TO THE READER

Ten years in the Tombs as a Missionary-Chaplain gave me an insight into the rights and wrongs of the criminal such as I never knew before, and could learn nowhere else, that I began to see the utter impossibility of these men getting on their feet again without a helping hand. I found plenty of people willing to give cheap advice or express sympathy for the criminal who denied him a square deal. He might get a cup of coffee at the bread line, but from the time he left prison till he returned again I had known scores and scores of such men who were shunned, persecuted and hounded.

During those years many had accepted the Christ as their Saviour, and were re-habilitated in spite of "society." I made a record of many of the persons who were redeemed, and watched their steady progress for years.

I rehearsed many of these miracles of grace in churches and missions and was urged by many persons to put them in book form as an evidence of the best prison reform.

I believe that the Gospel of Christ and a square deal is the best remedy for the criminal's re-habilitation as a man among men.

In the ever present, world-wide discussion of prison reform, I offer these testimonies of men who were saved in prison as well as several chapters on the absolute necessity of giving a square deal to the man in stripes if we honestly desire his reformation.



PREFACE BY THE AUTHOR

What scenes of sorrow and anguish I have beheld in the Tombs Prison during my ten years of continuous labor as a Missionary of the Cross in America's greatest Criminal Barracks, can never be adequately told. When I first began my labors in the gloomy, forbidding old prison which had been planned by the rulers of the city more than eighty years ago—planned and built in the style of an Egyptian Temple, I was often startled by what I saw; but found that one old proverb was true, "familiarity breeds contempt," and for a time makes the tenderest heart indifferent, if not callous to all kinds of sorrow and anguish. As is well known the old Tombs stood on the site of the Collect Pond, which was situated on the west side of Center Street, between Chambers and Canal Streets. This pond at one time supplied the city with drinking water, and emptied itself into a stream that flowed through what is now known as Canal Street, finally going into the North River. They commenced the building of the old Tombs in 1835 and finished it in 1838. But this old building was demolished to make room for the present structure in 1901. For sixty-three long years it did faithful service to the City of New York, and for fifty-two years the hangings of the county took place within its walls.

If the stones and bars of that old prison could only speak and tell what they had witnessed during the long past generations, the records would, I am sure, be blacker than Egyptian darkness; and then, all caused by sin! If an angel could have written out those scenes which were witnessed daily, or painted them on canvas as they unfolded, the story would have been too startling for human ken; and the pictures more intensely thrilling than found in the Sistine Chapel.

Several years before I became Chaplain of the Gospel

Mission to the Tombs I visited the old prison and became deeply interested in the unfortunates. When I tried to find the reason for their imprisonment, by far the largest number informed me that they were innocent of the crimes charged against them. Very few were willing to admit their guilt in a manly manner. They imagined they had everything to gain and nothing to lose by a lie. So they perverted their cause and deliberately tried to deceive—when the truth would have done them far more good. But some were really innocent of the crimes charged against them, and were glad to receive advice and comfort from the Chaplain in the hour of trial. Some were deeply sorry that they were found in prison, even though innocent, and expressed it in penitential tears. Those who were back-sliders when they came to prison eventually thanked God for the bitter experience, for now they saw things in a new light. In many cases a letter to a friend on the outside soon brought their liberty and they went home wiser and better men.

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage."

On one occasion I recall going to a man who but recently had been put in a cell. He had such a good face that I said: "My friend, I am sorry to see you here." He spoke up quickly and said: "I deserve to be here. I have done wrong and should be punished for my wrongs." I wondered to hear him make so many admissions while all around him were those who protested their innocence and denied that ever they had wronged any one in their life. After a few minutes I said to him: "My friend, you do not mean to tell me that you are the only guilty man on the tier?" Then he said: "I speak only for myself. I am guilty; strong drink has been my ruin. When I am taken to Court I shall plead guilty and take the punishment that is meted out to me like a man, as I deserve it." He had done wrong with eyes wide open, and he blamed nobody but himself. His imprisonment was deeply mortifying, but he bore it

manfully, looking to the Lord Jesus for divine help to make him a better man.

I shall not soon forget my first visit to the old Tombs Prison, when as a student I was doing missionary work on the east side of New York City. At that early day the New York City Mission and Tract Society had charge of the spiritual work in the city prison, and the Rev. John Bedker was the Missionary-Chaplain. Mr. Bedker was a good man, and thoroughly consecrated. At that time I had a class of boys in a mission church on Stanton Street, about six or eight blocks east of the Bowery. Although my class was large, I was able to keep in touch with them. Whenever one was absent I followed him up and tried to have him present next Lord's Day. One of the best of my boys lived on Essex Street. I did not need to visit his home to learn where he was at that time, for one of the neighborhood boys informed me that he had been arrested for a trifling offence and was then in the Tombs. I secured a missionary pass from the Commissioner of Corrections and visited him. I found him in the Boys' Prison in the midst of a howling mob of young city toughs. The sight presented was pitiful in the extreme. As soon as I learned the true facts of the case I went to the office of the District Attorney and explained matters, and secured his discharge. He was simply the victim of bad company and not a criminal. I saw then the importance of using all just endeavors to save the boys of the city. No doubt there were other persons in the Boys' Prison that day just as innocent as my young friend, but nobody took the trouble to help them. And as they were left to the tender mercies of the criminal authorities, some of them suffered perhaps innocently, and spent years in prison.

After a few months' experience I became better acquainted with the conditions and environments that surrounded the old Tombs. This gave me a much better opportunity of observing the effect of the gospel message on hardened criminals who were its inmates. A large number of those I met in my daily rounds were Protestants, Roman Catholics and members of the Jew-

ish faith. I found many of them densely ignorant of Biblical truth. The Bible was a closed book to them. I believe now that many of these prisoners came into clearer light after being in the Tombs a few days and went out to live a new life. I was often astonished to see how God's word could reach the most depraved men and women who were willing to obey its teaching and abandon their wicked ways, to live a Christian life.

There were in those days and are still so many accessible avenues to crime that it took a person of more than ordinary stamina to stand up and resist the surging temptations that are found all over the metropolis. And I have often wondered that so many of the boys and girls of the city escaped being caught in the devil's net. A large number of the lawless ones refused to listen to either Gospel minister or priest. No doubt they would like the blessings of the Gospel in their lives, but refuse to meet the conditions, but before long they learn that "the way of the transgressor is hard," and every departure from God is sure to bring a train of sorrows.

I want to say here that all the experiences I met with in the Tombs went to show the power of God's Grace over sin, as also did the testimonies I have herein faithfully tried to chronicle. A large number of them are still fresh in my memory, and I recall some of the exciting experiences with more than ordinary interest. In what I tell of those who have been lifted up out of a life of sin and wretchedness, I do so only, as I have said, for God's glory. As I review them in my mind I am satisfied that their repetition will advance the Kingdom of God on earth, and may incite others to seek the Lord Jesus as the Saviour of sinners.

Many a time I sat and chatted with my dear friend, the late Rev. S. H. Virgin, D.D., long pastor of the Pilgrim Church in this city, who was also for many years a director of the Gospel Mission to the Tombs, whose advice I sought on many occasions and who urged me more than once to put some of my many experiences into print so as to show the power of God over sin-cursed lives. In offering this sheaf of prison experiences, I do so with a profound feeling of my own

unworthiness, and at the same time praying that God may greatly use them in the salvation of many souls. Some of the people mentioned here are still alive, and I frequently meet them in the common walks of life; from others I receive letters which go to show that they are in the war that knows no discharge, endeavoring to live down their former disgrace. For all the moral transformation mentioned in this book in which God has in any way used me, I give Him the glory. The missionary of the cross is but a voice in the wilderness, saying "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." But the work is done by Him who said, "Without me ye can do nothing."

INTRODUCTION

By Rev. David James Burrell, D.D., L.L.D., Minister of the
Marble Collegiate Church, New York City

It is a pleasure to commend a book on Penology by a sentimentalist with a modicum of common sense.

As I understand it, the object of punishment is three-fold; namely, the vindication of law, the protection of society and the reformation of the culprit.

The first of these necessarily involves the infliction of the statutory penalty. If that be indiscreetly remitted the obvious result is a contempt for law.

The second of these objects, the protection of society, requires the segregation of the lawless. The old method of assigning them to penal colonies, where they were practically left to their own devices, has been wisely supplanted by the salutary discipline of prison life.

The third object of punishment, that is, the reformation of the criminal, opens up unfortunately an immeasurable field for philanthropic dreamers and doctrinaires.

An industrious cobbler with a family on his hands reasons thus within himself: "I am an honest man, but what shall I do? With my hammer and lapstone I can scarcely keep the wolf from the door. They say that men in prison are comfortably housed, with three square meals a day and banquets and amusements thrown in. Honesty is at a discount. I shall have to go to jail."

True philanthropists do not thus put a premium on lawlessness. In their earnest efforts to reform the transgressor they are not unmindful of the fact that the way of the transgressor is hard and ought to be. They see to it, accordingly, that his enforced discipline shall be such as to incline him toward a better life and prepare him for it.

Just here is where the Chaplain comes in. His philosophy teaches him that there are no incurable cases. But by the same token, he knows that the only possible cure of degeneration is regeneration, and that regeneration is possible only through Christ.

Schools, handicrafts and gymnasiums are good as far as they go, but they cannot transform a criminal into a good man. Conversion alone can do that. It gives him a new mind, a new conscience, a new will, and sets him on his feet with his face toward God. All the rest follows. This is the Christian and sensible way.

And this is the way that Chaplain Munro set about it. Read his book and see how many prisoners, otherwise incorrigible, were thus led into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

DAVID J. BURRELL.

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FOREWORD

Some of the Chaplain's Helpers Who Worked and Witnessed For Christ in the Tombs

"A cloud of witnesses around,
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way."

I do not think that any Prison Chaplain ever had a more consecrated band of Christian workers than I had while in the Tombs. They were choice spirits, and were earnest and tireless in the Master's service. They were nearly all plain and unlettered men and women, but were devoted to the work of soul-saving. Indeed, to many of them, the work of soul-saving was a passion. Their motto was, "By all means save some." Since then many of them have passed over the river, and are now in the Paradise of God—with their Lord whom they loved to serve with such fidelity and devotion while upon earth.

Among the earliest of my helpers was Colonel Charles Robert Ray, whose testimonials and prayers have been a benediction to hundreds of people who have attended the John Street noon day prayer meeting. Colonel Ray was especially kind and sympathetic to men and women in trouble, and more than once God used him to bring comfort to penitent ones behind prison bars. For many years he was a prosperous merchant in Canada. Afterwards for nearly a quarter of a century he lived in New York City where he was employed in the dry goods business. He was especially gifted in prison labors, and for many years before his death brought a gospel message of sympathy to the unfortunates in the Tombs.

The Colonel was a man mighty in faith and prayer, and showed by his life that he walked with God. At

his own request the Chaplain was one of the three that took part at his funeral services. I have always considered it an honor to have been selected for that purpose.

On December 18, 1905, while on a street car on the way to attend John Street Prayer Meeting, he expired suddenly while reading the Bible. The New York Street Preachers' Association of which I was then president, extolled his memory at one of their meetings. Colonel Ray was a native of Nova Scotia, but lived many years in St. Johns, N. B., where from 1879-81 he was mayor of city. His remains were taken to Fernhill Cemetery, in that city, where his wife, son and daughter had preceded him.

I might mention also Mrs. Reinke, a very devoted worker, Mrs. Boulton, Mrs. Davis, Mr. Jamison and a score of other earnest workers for Christ. Also the Rev. Robert Rein, noted as a solo singer and gospel preacher. Nearly all of these are now with their Lord.

Perhaps I ought to say when I first went to the Tombs there were many volunteer missionaries that came and went at will. They were under no church or society and seemed to act as free lances. But there were earnest Christians among them. One young man whom I had known for some years previously, was Mr. S. J. Weirtheim, at one time a member of Spring Street Presbyterian Church. He worked among the boys and did splendid service for the Master. Some few years ago Mr. Weirtheim passed to his reward. I shall always cherish his memory as a consecrated child of God.

Since the time when my interest first began in prison work, I have visited from time as I had opportunity, many prisons throughout the country, and found the officials courteous and the inmates accessible to the gospel.

Among the sweet singers of Israel and players on musical instruments, who have labored for the uplift of prison unfortunates, might be mentioned Mr. Richard Cochrane and family, two girls and two boys. The Cochrane family were generous, loyal and devoted helpers in the Master's services. We were thankful

also for the efficient services rendered by Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Baker, of Brooklyn. Then there was Miss Julia Allen, a most talented young lady who had a voice that could thrill the old prison. We also can speak appreciatively of Madame Flavelle and Miss Grace Hildebrant, who frequently sang in Carnegie Hall; Miss Mary Conover also, who for several years afterwards led the singing and playing at the Cremorne Mission; Mr. Ira D. Sankey, famous as a singer on both sides of the Atlantic, and last, but not the least in the faithfulness and devotion, the Chaplain's daughter, Miss Jessie Harriet Munro, now Mrs. William D. Kelly, of North Troy, Vermont, who presided at the organ for a number of years.

CHAPTER I

WHEN CHRIST CAME TO THE TOMBS

Does Christ visit prisons? Assuredly He does. He visits jails and prisons more often than people think. He has visited the Tombs Prison many times and wrought many wonderful changes on the lives of hardened prisoners. But then the mission of Christ is to seek and to save the lost, and He visits all prisons for that purpose. Many an ex-prisoner if he would express himself in the language of the poet, could say in speaking of Jesus,

He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the vilest clean,
His blood availed for me.

There for example is John F., a native New Yorker. Christ found him in the Tombs a lost sinner. He had an unenviable record which extended over twenty-years. There were six convictions for crime standing against him. After he was discharged from Clinton prison he was a prematurely broken-down old man. After coming to New York his future appeared more hopeless than ever. He was a poor friendless and forsaken man and when he sought employment he found every door closed against him. He looked up some of the persons he had befriended in former years, but they were either dead or had moved away. At any rate they could not be found. He tramped the city streets all day; when night came he was tired and disheartened, and he thought only of the dark waters of the North River as the only way out of his troubles. He did not want to commit another crime and be sent back to prison. *He wanted another chance!*

In January he was shadowed by the police who knew well his former record. He was finally arrested as a suspicious character, the intention being to "railroad" him to prison as soon as possible on the basis of his record. The Magistrate sent him to the Tombs to await the action of the Grand Jury.

It was here that I first became acquainted with John's dark life, and sought to infuse into him a better hope.

In conversing with him I soon found he had a tender spot in his heart that responded to kindness. Nor did it take me long to find out that there was a future before him provided he looked away from his own darkened life to Christ.

I gave him a copy of the New Testament, which he read carefully. I had many conversations with him and he impressed me with the feeling that he earnestly desired to be a better man. He expressed a wish to have *one more chance* to show himself a man in his native city before he died. And since he acted so penitently and deeply grateful for what was done for him, I was determined that as far as I was concerned, he should get as he had said, "the chance of his life," or a square deal.

Judge Blanchard was then sitting in General Sessions. He was one of the most humane and kind hearted of men. I had an interview with him and told him the entire situation and asked for extreme leniency in this case so as to give him a chance and get him on his feet again. On Friday, the 21st of March, John came to Court and pleaded guilty to having a few keys found in his pocket, and Judge Blanchard mercifully suspended sentence on him. This was unusual as he was an ex-convict, but I promised to look after him, which I did. When I got him on the outside, I took him to a restaurant where I gave him something to eat. Then commenced the tug of war. John walked the streets of this city for several weeks, but could find no employment. I spoke to a gentleman in the jewelry business on Maiden Lane, asking him to give him a job at a dollar a day carrying

advertising signs over his shoulders. I gave him my card and asked him to call on my friend next morning. He was on hand by nine o'clock, but he had hardly reached the store before a couple of detectives were on his track. Mr. B., the owner, was not present, but they told the clerks in the store that John was an ex-convict and that they must not employ him under any circumstances. John left the store mortified. I met him and encouraged him to persevere, but gave him to understand that as he was an ex-prisoner he must expect all kinds of insults and rebuffs. Another time I sent him to a soap factory in Jersey City to see if he could get a job there. But he was met by a couple of Central Office men on John Street. They turned him back, saying, "You cannot go over the dead line." Then I went over to Jersey City with him myself, but did not succeed in securing him a job.

The following week I found him a position in the car shops on Fiftieth Street near Ninth Avenue at \$1.50 a day. He liked this job very much and was getting on nicely. I knew the manager would treat him kindly. When he was there about six weeks a fellow came into the shop and reported him as an ex-convict, and he was forthwith discharged. I asked my old friend, the superintendent, to explain why he had done this, but he refused. Then I found John a position with a church sexton at five dollars a week and board. The man that employed him told me afterwards that he was one of the most faithful workers he ever had. He stayed with him a year and a half and then only gave up the job on account of sickness. As soon as he recovered I found him another position, where he stayed over ten years, and was well liked and highly respected by all with whom he came in contact; and he was honest and trustworthy and his employers respected him. I confess I did not dare to say that he was an ex-convict, for if I had they would have kicked him out on the street twenty-four hours afterwards.

"For over four months, after coming out of prison

this last time, " he says, "I tried to find employment, walking the streets of the city night and day, but I failed. Nobody would have me. During those days of trial and disappointment I would have taken my life, but something within said, 'You are not ready yet.'

"I was so proud, up till this time, that I did not call on God to help me. Oh, how blind and foolish was I, as I drank the bitter cup of sin!

"I will never forget that day which providentially became the turning point in my life. I came down from Fifty-seventh Street Police Court in the prisoners' van. Soon after I reached my cell, in what is now known as the old prison, a man came to my door, and in a brusque sort of way said, 'How long have you been here?' I said, 'Just came in.' 'Ever been here before?' I replied, 'Yes.'

"Then he spoke to me of Jesus and his love for poor lost sinners such as I was. If I would give my heart to Him then and there I would be saved, if not, I would die in my sins and be lost.

"He said many other things to me, which I cannot now recall. Then he handed me a small copy of the New Testament, with many passages marked with pencil, and asked me to read them, and then walked away.

"I count it providential that Chaplain Munro spoke to me as he did on that occasion, because he left me thinking over my past life. Most of the Chaplains and missionaries that ever spoke to me during my prison career usually talked to me in a pious sort of way, but I never paid any attention to them, but this man talked of my soul's salvation, straight at me!

"I sat down in my cell and began to read the little book he left me till the feeling came over me that God in His mercy had indeed sent Brother Munro to speak to me as he did that morning.

"He called again in the afternoon, and, if I remember right, the first thing he said was, 'Do you believe in God?' The question came so unexpectedly that I stam-

mered out, 'Yes.' Then he said, 'Do you believe the Lord will save you?'

"Then I came out like a man and said, 'Yes. Yes.' I knew from that moment that I was saved.

"The next order from the Chaplain was, 'Down on your knees, and ask God to help you now!' I did so willingly, and we had a blessed season of prayer together.

"From that time on I have rejoiced in Jesus my Saviour. But the Devil was not done with me. For three days and three nights I had an awful struggle on my knees, but God gave me the victory. Of course the Devil did not want to lose me. I had been in his service so long that he hated to part with me. Finally, by the help of God, he was routed, horse and baggage. I called on God in the day of my trouble and he delivered me."

After he had served his second term in prison he tried to get "a square deal" and wished to reform as he did not wish to return again to prison. He tried to start out with the best intentions of making good, but nobody would trust him, nor help him. His best friends turned against him and took every opportunity to help the police to "frame him" by furnishing false testimony against him when he was trying to live an honorable life.

He had served a term on Blackwell's Island for a trifling offence. When he had returned home he learned for the first time that a certain police captain, now deceased, had been a frequent visitor at his home during his absence.

After he had been discharged he went home, but was refused admittance. Just then the police captain appeared on the scene and warned him to keep off the premises, but he refused and the result was, he was forthwith arrested, and in a few days, indicted for assault in the second degree and also as being a habitual criminal. The police told the District Attorney that he was a dangerous character and should be locked up the rest of his life.

During his last imprisonment he had made up his mind to settle down and be a law abiding citizen provided the police would cease "hounding" him. He intended to fight this case in Court and expose the police captain who had ruined him by usurping his place in the family, and besides drove him from his own home. Before the day of trial a worthless lawyer was called into the case. Now the work of "greasing the machinery of the criminal law against him" had begun. The shyster had gone to the Tombs and told him that a friend (?) had asked him to be his lawyer and he hoped to get him clear. All this was a "frame-up" to railroad the ex-convict to prison. Next day F. was called into Court, and on the advice of his lawyer pleaded guilty to the indictment, promising if he did so he would get clear. As soon as he had pleaded guilty he was immediately sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

When he had protested that his lawyer had deceived him and he was not guilty of any crime, he was hustled out of Court and sent over the "Bridge of Sighs." Though the whole transaction was a shocking piece of injustice, F. was compelled to serve his full time in State Prison.

He made several efforts to have his case re-opened and justice given him, but his requests failed. As he was an old convict nobody would listen to him and so he had to serve his sentence. Had he received a "square deal" he would have been a very different man the rest of his life.

Some time ago he called upon me and said, "Chaplain, when I was in State Prison, I have helped to carry the dead 'cons' to the little cemetery on the hill where they are buried. I want to tell you during the past few years, I have saved over four hundred dollars. I have the money in the savings bank and I want it so fixed that when I die you will use it to give me a Christian burial. Will you promise me?" I need hardly say that I promised him and will do what I can to help carry out

his fond desire. John has become a Christian man and shows it by his life.

In giving his experience he says: "It was shortly after the Civil War, in 1865, that I started on my downward career of sin—going down almost to the gates of hell. Of course I had been going down many years prior to this, but not in such a noticeable way. The Devil had always found me a very willing tool in his hands, and for a season, especially when out of prison, I went down the moral declivity very fast. I cannot go into all the details of my life. There is no need of that.

"That year I attempted to commit a burglary in this city, and for this offense I was sent to Sing Sing. After reaching prison I had time to think over my past life, and in my better moments I had a longing desire to be a good Christian. But all of these desires and good intentions soon vanished from my mind like clouds before sunrise. That is to say, these good intentions were my dreams, but when I heard the coarse profanity all around me, I felt I could not live such an ideal life. But while in my prison cell I made up my mind that if I ever got out of that place alive, I would serve the Lord and lead a different life.

"After my time had expired and I had reached the outside world, all recollection of my good intention was lost. Sin had become a sweet morsel under my tongue. I loved it, and I found it easier to do wrong than to do right.

"It was not long before I was as deep in sin as ever, arrested for crime, and back in prison again.

"I soon came to the conclusion, and the old Devil helped me to reach it, that God had no use for such a wicked sinner as I. This opinion became a cardinal doctrine in my life. God did not want me and had no use for me, and all my prayers and efforts toward reform did not amount to anything. The Devil seemed to have a good hold on me, and I began to think that the ideas he put in my mind were about right. So I lived on in my ungodly ways.

"For over twenty years I was like a clock pendulum—swinging from prison to liberty and then back to prison again."

To make a long story short, this brand plucked from the burning is to-day living an honorable life in retirement in this city. Christ found him in the Tombs Prison and saved him from his sins. He has no desire to commit crime again. The Lord Jesus took the desire away, he says. That is the reason why he is alive to-day.

CHAPTER II

A SQUARE DEAL FOR THE MAN IN STRIPES

The best prison system of the twentieth century has been weighed in the balance of public opinion, and found wanting. We talk no longer of prison reform as that "Shibboleth" is practically dead. It has gone to its grave without the hope of a resurrection. But the matter of giving the man in stripes a square deal or another chance to make good is stirring the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the tall pines of Maine to the Gulf of Mexico.

We are not now dealing with the punishments inflicted on criminals by our courts of justice. Crime is the price of our civilization, the inevitable result of our struggle for existence. Punishment is therefore a social necessity. Both the State and society must be protected from within and without. And further, laws backed by public opinion must be passed which will make it almost impossible for the offender to make a second attack on society. It is impossible to estimate the serious injury that would come to society by sentimental leniency at such a time. But while undergoing punishment the criminal must be treated in a humane manner, and revenge entirely eliminated from the punitive treatment. It is only after the criminal has served his sentence that the "square deal" of which we speak should begin, and then for the purpose of bringing about his restoration to society as a changed man among men.

It is to be regretted that our State authorities have for many years considered the criminal a degenerate pure and simple, and have failed to see anything good in him. As for reforming him and restoring him to



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HON. CHARLES S. WHITMAN

Born in Norwich, Conn., August 28, 1868; son of Presbyterian clergyman; graduate of Williams College; appointed Assistant Corporation Counsel of New York, City Magistrate, General Sessions Judge; elected District Attorney of New York County, and re-elected for second term; elected Governor for the second time November 7th, 1916, with a larger majority than any Governor in many years. As a Prison Reformer, Mr. Whitman with all his experience on the bench as Judge and in office of District Attorney, can have few equals. At any rate, he must have some well defined views on the subject.

At present, Mr. Whitman is the logical candidate of the Republican Party for the Presidency in 1920.

society, well, that was out of the question. They said point blank, *it could not be done!*

It is not too much to say that the Lord Jesus Christ, the founder of our religion, was the first to suggest to his people the propriety of visiting prisons and preaching the Gospel to the inmates, many of whom were sunk in the wretchedness of sin. Though the fallen brother has wronged us we must forgive him seventy times seven.

It must be said, however, the modern prison is an unreformable institution, and as an agent of the State, it is behind the times. And it will continue to be unprogressive until love and law, gentleness and firmness go hand in hand, and God in Christ bring about the prisoners' entire rehabilitation.

A former warden of Sing Sing said before the National Prison Association, that over fifty per cent. of our first offenders return to prison a second time, not only no better, but many of them vastly worse than when they were first arrested. The fact is, our prison methods are diametrically opposed to any kind of criminal reformation. And the whole system will have to be changed entirely, or else the prisoner will remain as he has been for centuries. The man in prison must be taught to follow the life and teaching of Jesus Christ the Nazarine! He should be taught gospel truths faithfully and patiently. He must be taught the gospel of temperance and the importance of giving the saloon a wide berth the rest of his life.

It is generally admitted now that the prisons of to-day with few exceptions, cannot reform the unfortunates therein, as they are not conducted on Christian principles nor always by Christian men. Our legislators have not yet learned that the only positive reclaiming force in the world for criminals is the religion of the Lord Jesus. Not only is this true, but many of the persons who manage our prisons do not believe in religion themselves and certainly have little faith in it for others.

There is so much indefiniteness as to what prison reform really is that a word in that respect will not be amiss. Prison reform means not only the reformation of the prisoner, but the more efficient management of our prisons by men of fitness and experience in the interest of humanity and economy.

It is our opinion that the first and foremost obstacle to prison reform in our day is politics—that is to say, the politics of the Spoils System, that makes everything subservient to party. The great law of National, State and city politics, is that to the victors belong the spoils.

Let us see how politics affects the prisons of the State? It is a well known fact that every new Governor has the power to appoint a Superintendent of Prisons. This man is overseer of all the penal institutions of the State. He is usually a politician, though not necessarily, and may or may not be a good man. If he is a good man, lacking experience, he makes a lot of costly blunders the first few years, or till he learns his business. If he is incompetent and inefficient the State loses thousands of dollars.

Then each prison has a warden or agent. They are also appointed by the Superintendent of Prisons, and have often been found to be very poor material. But as politics is at the base of all changes, it is hard to see how such prisons can be improved when a Governor removes an experienced and efficient officer, for one whose only fitness is political fealty.

When the prison is dominated by a bad man all the Civil Service rules in the world avail nothing. He can twist them to suit his own whims, and can drive out the best men and replace them with vicious characters, and in this way make the prison a very hell upon earth.

In the penal institutions in this State there are from fourteen to sixteen thousand persons who are detained as inmates from year to year for every crime on the calendar. Yet in the management of these people, as well as the expenditure of large sums of money for supplies, politics has at various times shown a large hand.

The great need of our prisons to-day, if we want intelligent management, is to put a trained penologist with a kindly heart in charge—not ward politicians. This applies to every official from the highest to the lowest.

As it is at present, the reformation of criminals and their return to social life again never enter the mind of many of our prison officials. All they care for is simply to hold their charges in safety until their term expires, then turn them loose again no better than they were before. The one great reason for this is that the heads of departments are politicians and are given office simply because they are a controlling power in their ward or county. They well knew when they took office that their tenure was exceedingly brief, and they must make hay while the sun shines, by disappointing their enemies and rewarding their friends.

One of the most important advances made by Great Britain in prison reform during the past fifty years, was in making an absolute separation between politics and prison management. New administrations in that country come and go, but the same heads of departments, as well as the rank and file of the prison officials, remain for life, according to fitness. As they are not in fear of the ward heeler or the "machine" politicians they can afford to attend strictly to their duties and do faithful work.

Money is frequently used in nearly all of our prisons in a quiet way to secure a "pull", and one thing is certainly true, that rich criminals can use money in such a way as to secure "soft snaps," and all the delicacies of the season if necessary. And it has been known that politicians have secured pardons for criminals in return for money. Men who have the regular political "pull" can intercede in behalf of rich criminals so as to make their imprisonment easy, while the poor friendless prisoner must bear the full share of his burden.

If our prisons are to be improved they must be taken out of political rings entirely, and put into the hands of the best men and they removed only for cause. And

not till then will the irrepressible conflict between our prisons and politicians cease. Politicians must learn that our penal institutions are designed for the reformation of criminals, but must not be used for party spoils.

I—As a Sovereign People the Time Has Come When We Must Give the Criminal a Square Deal

If we would save the criminal to society and the church, we must treat him differently. We are satisfied now that some of our old methods have proved a rank failure. In the language of the physician, we must change the medicine. Not only try another remedy, but pursue an entirely different policy so as to cure the patient.

It is said that eighty per cent. of those sent to prison are unskilled laborers. After their discharge and they seek to earn a living they can find nothing to do. Our large cities seem to be overrun with laborers. To meet this situation our prison authorities must organize *trade schools* under competent instructors. The prisoner must be taught a trade by which he will earn fair wages that will support himself and his family. If he is a single man he will be able to lay aside a little for a rainy day.

In former years when such men were discharged from prison they were handicapped. If they failed to find a job in a week or ten days they either had to steal or starve. In most cases they chose to commit a crime and were soon after returned to prison.

Second, the State must provide a Free Labor Bureau for Ex-Prisoners.

Such a bureau shall be in charge of a competent head and several assistants who shall find employment for our prison population as soon as they are discharged. Not only a Free Labor Bureau, but a home where the man out of prison can rest for a week or two. The

man just out of prison is often very weak physically and needs to recuperate so as to be able to compete with the workman who has not been in prison.

Feed the ex-convict well and encourage him and you will have wrought a permanent reformation in his life. Wherever this has been tried it has not only met with success, but it has saved the individual to society.

The National Committee on Prisons report that more than ten thousand persons throughout the United States, large employers of labor, are ready to give men just out of prison a chance to "make good." For example, Henry Ford, the automobile magnate, has several hundred ex-convicts in his employ.

But in spite of the fact that certain ones everywhere, including labor unions, are hostile to the ex-prisoner, yet those who are determined to live clean and upright lives find plenty of friends who are ever ready to help them, provided they are willing to shun criminal companionship and the saloon!

Some years ago we organized the Prison Gate Mission for the purpose of finding employment for the ex-prisoner. We visited Sing Sing and Blackwell's Island at regular intervals for the purpose of interviewing men who were about to be set at liberty. We found employment for many, others received temporary aid in the way of meals and lodging. And more than once we paid the railroad expenses of persons back to their homes in the country.

In the new prison reform the State must see to it that no man shall be set at liberty except to enter some kind of employment provided for him.

In a word, giving the man in stripes a square deal means that the prison authorities must teach him how to earn a living and afterwards find him a job. To turn a man out of prison without some kind of employment before him is nothing short of a crime.

A man over fifty years of age, a former resident of Philadelphia, was sentenced to the New York penitentiary for six months, for a trifling offence. When he

came out he spent six weeks trying to find employment, but nobody wanted him on account of his age. Although he once owned stores he was now classed as a common laborer. For two days he ate nothing; to beg he was ashamed and he refused to steal. When the pangs of hunger came on him that afternoon he became desperate, and threw a cobble stone at a large plate glass window, and stood still waiting for the cop to arrest him. In the station house he told the police that he broke the window that he might have something to eat and a bed on which to sleep. He was back in prison again and had a good meal that night and a bed, such as it was on which to sleep.

Many other cases could be given to show that a man just out of prison has a poor chance of earning a living unless he has a trade or some friends to help him. Unless you give such a person a "Square Deal" you will never be able to restore him to society as an honest citizen.

II—The Police Have Promised To Keep Their Hands Off the Ex-Prisoner and Give Him a Square Deal.

When a man is discharged from Sing Sing or some other penal institution he comes to New York dressed in a suit of prison-made clothes, and a ten dollar bill in his pocket. When he reaches the Grand Central Station, there are "spotters" there who eye him pathetically. In former years, Central Office detectives, who were notified in advance that certain persons were to be discharged from Sing Sing that day, were there to get a good look at them and follow them to their homes or lounging places. From this time on the ex-convict was a "marked man." If a burglary or highway robbery is committed in the city, the police would try to make that ex-convict stand for it. These men in former years were "hounded" night and day till finally sent back to prison, often on a trumped-up charge. If the unfor-



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HON. ARTHUR WOODS

Police Commissioner of New York City.

Born in Boston, 1870. Studied at Harvard and Berlin. Appointed head of New York Police by Mayor Mitchel, April, 1914. He is one of the most efficient Commissioners New York has ever had. In his treatment of the men under him, he is courteous, just and considerate of other men's feelings and seeks to give every man a square deal.

fortunate ex-prisoners happened to find a job and were quietly trying to live down their past life, the police have been known to communicate with their employers and inform them of their record, and before they had a chance to "make good" they would be promptly discharged. I do not believe that ex-convicts are hounded to-day as they were a score of years ago. I believe that the police of New York City have reached the greatest state of efficiency it has ever known in its history. Nor do I believe that the present Police Commissioner, Arthur Woods, would stand for hounding or persecuting the ex-prisoner. The unanimous opinion of all men of almost every shade of opinion is that the day has arrived when we must give the ex-convict a chance to "make good." Fifteen years ago I knew a lot of men just out of prison who received mighty bad treatment from our police. But that day is past for ever. I found it a very hard task to get employment for such men, and had to conceal as far as possible the fact that they had been in prison. Whenever I told employers of labor that I wished employment for ex-convicts, that ended all my labors along that line, and I was given to understand that they could do nothing for me. In those days most of the employers that I knew had a dread about employing a man who had been in prison, and that prejudice was so deeply rooted in the hearts of men who claimed to have the love of God in them that it was almost impossible to overcome.

The present Police Commissioner of New York seems to be the right man in the right place. He is a man of good sense, and under him the force has made great advances and the men in the Police Department have confidence in him. I asked a gentleman of large experience in this city not long ago what was the principal barrier in the ex-prisoner's way toward his restoration, and he replied, "Police hounding." Then I wrote to Police Commissioner Woods on the subject and he sent me a very courteous reply. Commissioner Woods went on to say:

"One day last summer I went to Sing Sing and gave a little talk to the prisoners in their mess hall. I told them that if they honestly tried to go straight in New York City upon release, the police force would not simply refrain from hounding them, but would do all it could to help them; if they found any policeman acting in any way differently to come straight to me, and let me know about it.

"As a result, partly of this and partly of a movement which we started a couple of years ago, there are now between 600 and 700 former prisoners earning an honest living here in New York, with a policeman interested in each case, and keeping touch with them, so he can help the man to make good. Most of these men come from city institutions, but about 75 of them were former convicts in States prisons.

"I believe that the best way to prevent ex-convicts from committing crime is to help them to earn their living honestly, and as far as I can manage it, the police force will use its powers to that end."

Some years ago two gentlemen, one of whom was greatly interested in prison work, were crossing the Atlantic in a steamer. The prison reformer told a company of ladies and gentlemen on ship board that he had been in prison, and had only been released a day or two before. He gave no details, as he wished to see the effect of such a statement on those around him. Strange to say he was ostracised from that moment. All the way over they excluded him from their company and would have no dealings with him, as they considered him an ex-convict. And not till they came within sight of Liverpool and he explained matters in their proper light would they speak to him.

I can remember laughing heartily over the experience of a man who had returned from serving a five year sentence in Sing Sing. Before he left the gray prison on the Hudson, he had made up his mind to live a "clean life." But in seeking employment he was "turned down" at every place he had made application, simply

because he told the truth. Whenever he was asked where he worked last time he invariably replied, "I am sorry to say I have spent some time in Sing Sing, but I am now trying to make good and simply want a chance to learn a living. That was enough, as soon as he intimated that he was an ex-convict, he was told they could do nothing for him, and he left the establishment with a heavy heart.

He was told to try Jersey City, so he crossed the North River, and as he walked up Montgomery Street, he saw a sign in a hardware store window, "A Man Wanted, Apply Within." He entered the store and applied for the job. The proprietor, a grave old gentleman asked him, how long he had been in the last place and he replied about five years. He did not say where he had been, he simply told the truth. He had been in Sing Sing about five years.

He got the job. A few days afterwards he thought he did not treat the old man to a square deal. If the boss found out that he had been in Sing Sing Prison he would certainly discharge him. He made bold to call on him personally and tell him a straight story. He did so and found him a Christian gentleman. The proprietor told him to go right on, and as long as he attended to his business he could stay with him all his life.

Occasions have arisen where I found both the police and some young scion of the District Attorney's office arrayed against the ex-prisoner. Any young attorney of the prosecutor's office who will listen to all that is told him will be ready to lend a hand to "railroad" an ex-prisoner without much trouble. And this has been done more than once.

A few years ago I remember I spent an hour with George Thomson, an old timer in Raymond Street jail, Brooklyn. His life seems to have been embittered with the usage he had received. "Prison", said Thomson, "is the best home ever I have had," as he grasped the bars and looked me square in the face. But he uttered the sentence with a feeling of sadness in his voice.

"I have spent twenty-three years behind prison bars, and you see I am getting used to it. Believe me, there are worse places than prisons, although such places get monotonous after a while. I have been a crook the best part of my life, and I mean to die one. I know its wrong to live such a life, and it galls me when I think of what I might have been. But what can a fellow do just out of jail? I have tried it. But when a man is hungry and homeless, and not a friend in the world to help him, what can he do? When I came out of Caldwell prison, some time ago I tried to be honest? I went to a mission. I showed that I wanted to reform. They gave me a job as dish washer, after that I was waiter. I liked my job and believed that I was getting on nicely, but a cop came along and gave me away to the boss and I was fired. I have had five jobs given me at various times, but in every case the cops 'peached' on me and I was discharged. Me be honest? its no use me friend. The reform game does not pay when you have a record! I have tried it."

I am satisfied now that by far the large majority of first offenders do not wish to go back to prison a second time. And unless they are "hounded" or "persecuted" they will shun criminal associations the rest of their life. All they ask is a square deal.

III—Another Obstacle in the Way of the Ex-Criminal's

Restoration, Is Society's Cold Unsympathetic

Attitude Toward Him.

After the prison gate has been closed behind the ex-prisoner he soon learns that society looks upon him with disdain and scepticism. Society is the elder brother of the parable, who is amazed that anything should be done for the prodigal. The moment of the ex-prisoner's release is as critical as the hour of his conviction. The elder brothers of society may wish him well, but will not invite him to their homes, nor allow their families to

associate with him. Some of the down-and-out missions of the city will receive him cautiously. But the saloons and dens of infamy will welcome him with open arms.

I am afraid that society is woefully ignorant of the needs of the prisoner. It knows little or nothing of the convict's trials while undergoing punishment, or his temptations after he secures his freedom. And with all the light on the subject such ignorance is almost unpardonable. Indeed, few persons seem to have any right or intelligent ideas on how to deal with criminals, and not a tithe of the people believe that their reformation is possible.

Society, as it exists to-day, is a great hindrance in the way of giving the ex-prisoner a square deal, and must be reconstructed before it can help this unfortunate class. When a person comes out of prison to begin life over again, society considers him a marked man. It extends no sympathy to him, and in some cases will not employ him, nor forgive him. Unless real Christian people come to his rescue, he will soon be a backslider in crime. If he is to be saved something must be done to get him on his feet. He must be fed, clothed, housed, advised and encouraged at least for a season—levelled up as it were, not shunned nor ostracised as ex-prisoners usually are. Without such help the man just out of prison is worse off than the man going in.

Not till society has been regenerated by the power of God will it show much sympathy to the ex-prisoner. Only those who have been changed by the Nazarene's religion will be able to understand the force of Paul's words, "If a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual *restore* such a one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself lest thou also be tempted." Jesus said, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you, and persecute you." But for years society's attitude toward the criminal has always been of a cold and repelling character and hinders rather than helps his reformation. It is only after the love of

Christ comes into a life that it becomes changed. The Gospel wrought wonders in St. Paul's day. When he went to Corinth, society was rotten. But after he had preached the Gospel for about eighteen months a wonderful change took place. In I Corinthians 6: 9-11, we read, "Be not deceived: neither fornicators, nor idolators, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor thieves, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners shall inherit the Kingdom of God. *But such were some of you*, but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God."

Thousands of men in the past have come out of prison with the best intentions of living a straight life. While in prison they had no temptations to drink or commit a felony, but as soon as they reached the outside world, the keeper of the ubiquitous saloon held out for them "the glad hand" and before long they had fallen in the dirt. As soon as they recover from the "booze," the wicked one tells them to commit another crime and get money. It is safe to say that no less than seventy-five per cent. of our criminal population are ruined by "booze." Do our prison authorities warn men of the dangers that await them on the outside through strong drink? I think not.

It is true that the criminal is often the victim of evil surroundings, drink, poverty and other modern temptations—like other men. But there is no inexorable law that would keep him permanently among law breakers. The fact is no man is beyond the power of God's mercy. Jesus Christ who snatched a dying thief from the jaws of hell can save to the uttermost all who come unto God through Him.

"The soul of all reformation is the reformation of the soul." This is the highest and greatest of labors one can be employed in this side of eternity. If modern penologists had this in view when they worked for the transformation of the criminal, they would soon see that

the Gospel of Christ is the power of God to every one that believeth.

The prison reformer who does not help the criminal to get on his feet through the transforming power of the Gospel of Christ, will find the study of penology barren and delusive, dealing only in possibilities and generalities that lead only to conjectural imbecilities.

Suggestions in the Line of Prison Reform

I would brush away all pedantic rules and by-laws and would try to treat every inmate of a prison as a man ought to be treated. I would have an interview with each person in the prison, and after I found out all about him I would classify the whole flock. I then would formulate rules for the Government of the institution and call them the Twelve Commandments of a Square Deal. I would give a square deal to every inmate and expect a square deal in return. I would try to make it an ideal prison for the law abiding inmate, and would reward all those who faithfully lived up to the rules. I would ask each man to work out his own salvation, and if too weak to do so, I would help him to fulfill his daily task.

I would put a copy of the printed rules in each cell, and ask each one to study them and live up to them. I would forbid profanity and lewd talking among the inmates and prison officials. I would have each inmate work at his trade or occupation five hours a day, and to encourage him in well doing I would pay him one-half of all the money he earned. This money could be placed to his credit in the prison bank or given to support his family. An hour would be given to education, an hour spent in the trade school, an hour for rest and recreation and an hour to listen to an address or some interesting lecture by an expert. I would have the entire prison rest from labor and pleasure on the Lord's Day. This does not mean that the inmates would have to spend the entire day in their cells, but I would insist on a day

of absolute rest. I cannot understand how the Sing Sing authorities could deprive the men of a weekly day of rest, and substitute in its place a wild, noisy, hilarious Sunday that would call forth protests from the Village of Ossining without degrading the men worse than before they were sent to prison.

You cannot raise the moral standards of a prison by showing them kindness one day and degrading their moral sense of right the next. The Sabbath rest is a moral, mental and physical necessity to every man. And the prisoners should not be deprived of it.

In dealing with prisoners I would endeavor to be kind and considerate to everybody, but FIRM! The law abiding prisoner would be commended and rewarded. The wilful, obstinate inmate would be kept in his own place, but the door of opportunity would be left wide open to give him a chance to do what was right.

To encourage them in well doing I would feed them well, with plenty of good plain substantial food. I would disdain to make coffee out of burned bread, nor allow rotten potatoes to come to the prison and to please the "ring" dump them into the Hudson River. The State authorities should be honest with these men and give them a square deal.

After every thing became normal I would place the entire prison population in three classes.

CLASS I. All who performed their daily tasks faithfully and kept the prison rules would be permitted to eat at what I would call the Warden's Table. They would have access to the library, the magazines and newspaper room and be permitted to write a letter a day if they desired.

CLASS II. All who wilfully refused to do the full share of the work assigned to them—those who were unruly and disobedient, and all shirkers. They must partake of the regular prison fare and be deprived of the privilege of the magazine and newspaper room and letter-writing.

CLASS III. All who broke twenty-five per cent. of the rules would be compelled to spend ten days in their cells, and be deprived of the library, magazines, newspapers and letter-writing. They would live on the regular prison fare.

CHAPTER III

**SOME RECENT AMERICAN PRISON REFORMERS
AND WHAT THEY HAVE DONE**

The modern Prison Reformer is found in every State in the Union. Their name is legion, but their influence is *nil* as by far the large majority are impractical men and women. They may have a "rosy" colored scheme for the uplift of the prisoner, but if you knew it you would be compelled to say it was unworkable. Indeed by far the larger number of our reformers are only theorists, and many of them were never inside the four walls of a prison.

The man who has done more to transform our prisons and lift up the criminal inmates is Cornelius V. Collins, of Troy, N. Y. He was appointed Superintendent of State Prisons in 1898, and he continued to perform the duties of his office for twelve years. Mr. Collins is not a "brass band reformer" nor has he sounded his great reforms on the house top, and he is certainly not hankering after the "lime light." He has kept his deeds so quiet during his official career that few have ever heard of him and his reforms. But the work Mr. Collins has done for the prisoners of the Empire State will rank favorably with that done by the best of American reformers.

**Some of the Reforms Superintendent Collins
Inaugurated**

He abolished the striped suit on first offenders, and substituted the blue suit. He abolished the short cropping of the prisoner's hair, he abolished tin plates and cups in the mess hall, and replaced them with crockery.



Central News Photo Service

Dean Kirchwey (left) welcoming Mr. Osborne (right) back to Sing Sing. Deputy Warden Spencer Miller, Jr. (in between), enjoying the scene.

Abolished the lock-step and introduced the military step in marching. He introduced a new educational system for the purpose of abolishing illiteracy in all of our prisons.

He built a wall of separation between first offenders and old criminals, so that they cannot come in contact with each other. He introduced good conduct chevrons on the left sleeve of the prisoner's coat so that you could tell his record at a glance. He introduced a sanitary barber system so that each prisoner has his own shaving cup, brush and soap. He introduced a free oven so that prisoners might cook their own food, if they desired.

Mr. Collins also recommended the following reforms to the Legislature, and after they became a law, he enforced them in all the prisons of the State.

He recommended the erection of a new State Prison in place of Sing Sing, on high and dry land on the Hudson.

The indeterminate parole system to apply to all first offenders.

The penalty of murder in the second degree changed to an indeterminate sentence, with a minimum of twenty years and a maximum of life.

The extension and enlargement of the Matteawan and Dannemora State Hospitals.

A graduated scale of larger pay for all prison officials.

An up-to-date hospital at Clinton Prison for tuberculosis prisoners.

An electric light in every prison cell.

The abolition of the dark cell system as a method of punishment, and a new isolated building erected, with well lighted cells and a commodious yard behind each cell. After these reforms had taken place the death rate in the State Prisons, from 1898 to 1907 was reduced fifty-seven per cent. compared to the ten years preceding.

In his annual report to the legislature of 1907, Mr. Collins recommended that in the case of destitute

families of prisoners, who were serving time, that instead of their earnings being turned over to the State, they be given to support their families.

All this shows that Mr. Collins had the right idea of prison reform. When a judge sends a man to Sing Sing for a crime the intention of the law is that society be protected and the man punished. He will have to be kept under a system of discipline and training for many months or till obedience to law is instilled into him and he respects the law and the rights of others. All kinds of sensational prison reform paraded before the people is nothing short of a "humbug." During the past two years I have read articles in papers and magazines on prison reform in which it was intimated that up till then criminals wore the ball-and-chain and were kept in dark cells from which the light of day was entirely excluded. All of which was untrue, as such punishments were abolished long before the present generation had anything to do with the gray prison on the Hudson.

Superintendent Brockway of Elmira Reformatory

In his day Superintendent Brockway took rank as a leading Prison Reformer. He was greatly admired for his methods and management of the New York State Reformatory, which gave him a world-wide reputation. Young men were sent to him from sixteen to thirty years of age. He taught them to read, write and cipher. Ninety per cent. of those that came to him were classed as laborers, but before leaving he taught them a trade. They were drilled daily by a military officer till they had a manly bearing and all signs of disease removed from them. In those days corporal punishment, or as Mr. Brockway called it, corporal treatment, was used in all our State Reformatories. It worked so well with the young men of Elmira that the results were considered most satisfactory. This was especially true with regard to the young "toughs" from New York and Brooklyn. The fear of a spanking sent shivers down their back.

And they feared no other punishment as they did at Elmira "paddling." After a while Mr. Brockway was able to "paddle" some of these young men into right ways of living and thinking, and they soon earned good behavior marks, so that they were ready for parole in a little over a year, and hundreds left the institution permanently cured of their crime delusion. After this they had to work out their own salvation. Some of the young "toughs" that went there to make trouble and deny all authority, richly deserved all the "paddling" they received. One "paddling" was enough for the majority of inmates, but some were bold enough to ask for two or even three "paddlings." But after they were cured they left the Reformatory wiser and better men. In after years many of the former inmates now filling responsible positions all over the land wrote the Superintendent thanking him for the treatment as it saved them from a criminal career. After corporal punishment in the Reformatory had been abolished, I visited the Elmira institution and found that the Board of Managers had adopted a vastly more inhuman punishment known as "cuffing." In this punishment the culprit is tied up by the wrists to the upper part of his cell door till his toes almost touch the ground and kept in that position for half a day frequently. This punishment is universally condemned by all fair minded penologists as cruel and barbarous. Spanking or paddling is vastly more humane than cuffing.

If Brockway's treatments were introduced into the Public Schools and many of the homes of Greater New York, it would save many a boy from moral shipwreck.

Thomas Mott Osborne

The most recent of our modern Prison Reformers is Thomas Mott Osborne, of Auburn, N. Y. He is known as the millionaire clubman, society leader, charity worker and sociologist. A few years ago Mr. Osborne went to the Warden of Auburn Prison and asked to be

locked in a cell as a common prisoner for ten days, under the name of Tom Brown. This was done as requested and since then Mr. Osborne has been in the lime-light as a prison reformer. What information he received on the cruelties practised on prisoners, we have never been able to learn, nor has he anywhere pointed out that the treatment given prisoners was cruel or inhuman. Soon after this Governor Glynn appointed him Warden of Sing Sing Prison where he had an opportunity to put his new ideas on prison reform into practise.

Mr. Osborne spent two stormy years in Sing Sing trying his new methods of prison reform. He contends that a prison should be self-governing, and the management of the institution should be put up to the inmates, and the keeping of the laws governing the place left to the honor of the convicts. But giving the liberty of the yard and outside the walls to certain ones did not always work well. A number of convicts escaped and have not yet returned. But the fame of the new management at Sing Sing went all over the State because of the leniency shown the convicts.

It should be observed that the inmates of Sing Sing, after having been fairly tried and convicted in the courts of the State, are sent there as a punishment for crimes against the law, including murders, assaults, highway robberies, arson, rapes, white slavery, which means the stealing of young girls and selling them to keepers of dens of infamy—and a score of other offences.

In our day the rights of defendants are so carefully guarded by the courts, that when there is any doubt as to the guilt of a prisoner or when it can be shown that he is not directly responsible for the crime charged against him, he is either discharged or given a suspended sentence. Neither is there any charge made against the prison authorities of the State, that their treatment of the criminal is cruel and inhuman. I think on the whole criminals are well cared for in all our prisons, especially where they observe the laws and give no trouble.

I am satisfied now that many of Mr. Osborne's reforms are beneficial and are a blessing to the men in our prisons. In the name of charity, what is the use of antiquated methods in conducting a prison? If they are useless let them pass away, but put something better in their place. When I last visited the shops in Sing Sing every thing was as silent as a grave yard, except the sound of the machinery. Any man that spoke to a comrade was reported for the "cooler." This last winter a change took place when I visited the old prison. In all the shops the men can speak to each other and the work goes on just the same. In the dining hall the men carry on a subdued conversation during the meal. This is the great improvement from the old way of swallowing the meals in silence.

Mr. Osborne says that under his system the convicts are self-governed, and all discipline is in the hands of a Board of Managers, elected by the prisoners, but all their decisions are subject to the Warden's review. Judging from what one reads in the newspapers, the inmates of this prison seem to have had a splendid time witnessing baseball and other games, movie shows and theatricals. But the honor system does not show, as far as we have been able to learn, that the convicts have repented of their sins, nor abandoned the wild lawless habits and delusions that compelled the State to lock them up in cells as felons, as a protection to society. Judging from the conduct of some of these men all the kindness and leniency which Mr. Osborne had shown them, has not changed many of them one particle for the better.

According to the newspapers the members of the league had several scraps and wordy battles, and on one occasion a tough citizen of Sing Sing "punched" the judge in the eye for deciding against him. All of this shows that until you classify these men as the fit and the unfit they will not be ready for self government.

I regret to say that under Mr. Osborne's management the Lord's Day is spent entirely in games except an hour

in the morning, which is given to religious exercises. At the ball game the convicts have been so noisy and hilarious on the Sabbath as to be heard all over the village, and the trustees of the corporation had complained against them to the prison authorities as disturbers of the peace.

The failure in all our prison reformatory work is in not emphasizing the religion of the Lord Jesus as of supreme importance in changing and transforming sin-cursed lives. And it is to be regretted that our prison authorities do not spend as much time on the spiritual side of the work as they would if they had an aggressive Christian leader.

For many years our social reformers and penologists have been casting about for a remedy whereby the criminal might be saved without repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus. They would like if it were possible for man to save himself by his good deeds, but the Bible says, "By grace are ye saved through faith and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God." But the modern prison reformer would make it very easy for the wrong-doers, so as to relieve him of all punishment for his sins. The result is that wrong-doing is lightly thought of and the expiratory sufferings of Christ for lost sinners is sometimes ridiculed as altogether unnecessary.

It seemed so strange that after Mr. Osborne became Warden of Sing Sing it was looked upon as a paradise for crooks. Its fame went abroad so that many persons in New York and Brooklyn before the courts or about to be sentenced to Elmira or the New York "pen", begged to be sent to Sing Sing, as one man put it, "because all the fellows up there were having such a good time."

[With many of Mr. Osborne's efforts to change the lives of the men of Sing Sing, I can heartily agree. He has certainly stirred the whole country to the immediate need of prison reform. But his humanitarian efforts do not go far enough. He should preach Christ to the prisoner as the only One who can

lift him up permanently. While it is well to be kind and even indulgent to those who are striving to live a better life, he must exercise discipline towards those who are wilfully stubborn.]

CHAPTER IV

THE PRESENT SING SING PRISON THE SUCCESSOR OF OLD NEWGATE

Sing Sing's predecessor was originally built on Manhattan Island in 1797. It was situated about a mile and a half from the City Hall, overlooking the North River. This prison was known as Newgate and remained here about thirty years. The buildings and yard covered four acres of land and were surrounded by a stone wall, which had sentry boxes on the four sides, where guards kept watch night and day, with shot guns within easy reach.

Previous to 1828, the two large prisons of the State were located in Auburn and New York City. Newgate prison, which was on the corner of Christopher and Washington Streets, where now stands a brewery, was then a part of Greenwich Village, which had been a suburb of New York for over half a century.

For over twenty years the people of Greenwich Village had protested to the State authorities against this unsightly prison being in their midst, just as the people of Ossining have been objecting to Sing Sing for many years. Finally the State authorities sold the Newgate prison to the City of New York and sought a new location on the Hudson.

On March 7th, 1824, the Legislature passed a law providing for the appointment of a commission of three persons to select a proper site for a penal institution somewhere on the Hudson River and the erection of suitable buildings. After much deliberation the commission selected a piece of land thirty-one miles from New York, where was found a partially developed limestone quarry. The commission thought that the State

should buy this property and the convicts work it. After much delay the land, which consisted of one hundred and fifty acres, was purchased by the State authorities and the ground for a new prison laid out on the river front.

The sad mistake of the authorities at the time was in erecting a prison on filled in land on the river flats, which during floods and freshets was the cause of much sickness.

After the grounds were selected and laid out by the State Surveyor, Captain Lynds, Principal Keeper of Auburn Prison, was authorized by the Superintendent of Prisons to select one hundred convicts and proceed with all haste to Sing Sing and help in the work of construction.

Captain Lynds, who had been for many years in the United States army, marched his men with the entire outfit, consisting of bed, bedding, clothing and food to last several months to Syracuse and took them by boat over the Erie Canal to Albany and then down the Hudson River to their destination.

Captain Lynds and his men arrived on the flats at Sing Sing on the morning of May 14th, 1825. Before night they had erected barracks and sheds for housing prisoners and stores. Twenty-four hours afterwards they were blasting rock for the new building. In three years they had erected a wall, store house, houses for officers and keepers and a dormitory containing six hundred cells.

The original plans of the prison proper called for a building five hundred and forty feet long, forty feet wide and three stories high, which allowed six hundred double cells, but additions were made from time to time as the population required.

These cells were in blocks divided by a passageway in the centre and having a staircase at each end of the building.

But before this new cellular building was finished it was found to be inadequate and a fourth story added.

These cells are $7 \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ and seven feet high. The walls are eighteen inches thick and the ceiling stones about the same. The cells are approached by galleries which are supported by iron brackets.

Besides the sleeping accommodations there are buildings for offices, kitchen, hospital, guard house, store house and shops. One of the latest additions to the prison was the death house, erected in 1889, in which murderers sentenced to death are kept, which contains the electric chair.

Almost every year for a quarter of a century, our law-making bodies in Albany talk about demolishing this old prison which has stood on the east bank of the Hudson for nearly ninety years. It is here still and may remain here for many years, remodeled and made a receiving prison. That the State will eventually build a modern prison at Wingdale or further up the Hudson, is what we believe. But the latest in regard to Sing Sing is that after undergoing some changes it will be made a modern distributing prison for the proper classification of offenders.

Sing Sing's New Warden

William H. Moyer for twelve years Warden of the Federal Prison of Atlanta, Ga., was appointed Warden of Sing Sing last December, by James M. Carter, State Superintendent of Prisons on the recommendation of Governor Whitman and other prominent men. Mr. Moyer is a modest Prison Reformer and a trained penologist. He prefers to let his work talk for him, than that he should speak. While he believes in the best modern methods of prison reform, he still remains a strict disciplinarian. We predict that in the management of Sing Sing Prison nobody is going to fool him! His firm set jaw shows that he has a mind of his own. His work as Prison Warden and builder will be watched by men of every political belief, but we believe he will make good. Mr. Moyer was born near Williams-



International Film Service, Inc.
WILLIAM H. MOYER
The New Warden of Sing Sing.



Front Entrance to Sing Sing.

port, Pa. He taught school for about fourteen years, and before his appointment as Warden at Atlanta, he was employed in the Department of Justice, Washington, D. C. He looks like a well preserved man of fifty years of age.

Enforced Idleness In Prison—A Curse

Politics is largely responsible for a good deal of the enforced idleness in nearly all of our prisons. By such means the old parties bid for the labor vote. This whole subject is so fully advertised already in magazine articles and legislative discussions, that it is unnecessary for me to do anything more than simply allude to it. I am convinced, however, from what I know of the subject, that it is possible under the best management to make our prisons self-supporting and at the same time reformatory.

If a sensible policy were carried out which would keep the prisoners fully employed, it would relieve the people of an immense amount of money in taxes, which they are at present compelled to raise simply because not one-half the prisoners in our State institutions are given steady employment, and the work that is done by prisoners is kept out of the great arteries of commerce in deference to labor leaders. Giving the prisoners continual employment under wise management would not at all conflict with the great end in view, which is to reform men by moral, educational and industrial means. But this cannot be done until our prisons are taken out of politics.

In the prisons of this State we have many thousands of men charged with every kind of crime on the calendar. Yet in the management of these places, as well as the expenditure of large sums for supplies, politics shows a large hand. The great need of our prisons to-day, if we want intelligent management, is to have a trained penologist in charge of each prison. This applies to every official from the highest to the lowest.

CHAPTER V

THE OBLIGATION OF THE CHURCH TO THE PRISONER

In the proclamation of the Gospel of Christ to all the world, the church must not forget the prisoner. Although he has lost certain of his rights under the law and is by many considered legally dead, still the man behind the bars has a heart that will respond to kindness and to the love of God; and, by the operation of the Holy Spirit working in his soul, he can be made a redeemed man in Jesus Christ. The deeper the prisoner's needs, the more urgent the obligation resting upon the church to succor and help those who have been overtaken in a fault.

Penology as a science treats of crime, but does not pretend to cure it. While it seeks to discover the causes that lead up to crime, the best it can do is simply to suggest reforms so that prison conditions can be made more just and humane. The missionary of the Cross, on the other hand, who prosecutes his labors among prisoners soon discovers that sin is at the bottom of all lawlessness and crime, and preaches the Gospel of Christ as the only remedy under heaven for perishing sinners. After a careful investigation the missionary to prisoners not infrequently finds that many of those he meets in his rounds are not necessarily criminals. Some prisoners overtaken in a fault, resulting from carelessness, and some are innocent of any intention to commit a crime; while the large majority are in prison because in the evil hour they yielded to the tempter. But they are not yet beyond the saving power of Jesus Christ.

To prisoners who are impressed with the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and desirous of living a Christian life,

this prison experience may be "the psychological moment" when they shall pass from death unto life, provided they penitently receive the Lord Jesus and abandon the sinful ways they have been living. From that moment the Gospel of Christ becomes a transforming power in their lives, so that old things pass away and all things become new. To all such people the prison experience is nothing less than a blessing in disguise, for they never would have sought the mercy of God had not the law been laid upon them heavily.

In this age of Social Service we must not forget that God thinks of the Spiritual needs of the man in bonds. Not only does God hear the groaning of the prisoner, but He is ready to loose those appointed unto death. And according to Psalm 79: 11. He is anxious that even the "sighing of the prisoner come before Him." All this should encourage the church everywhere to work for the salvation of the prisoner, and to pray for his reclamation and restoration as a true man among men.

Our blessed Lord and Master felt deeply for all classes of people. His mission was to seek and to save the lost, and that meant the wounded brother on the Jericho highway, as well as the dying malefactor who suffered death as a criminal when our Lord was crucified, whose last words were, "Remember me when Thou comest into thy kingdom." Our Lord suffered the humiliation of prison and of judgment, which shows the intensity of His love for men, even for the outcasts of society.

If the church would represent her Lord upon earth in a way commensurate with present-day needs, she must show large sympathy and must work and pray for the men in bonds in all of our prisons. In the early days of Christianity the church won her greatest trophies by bringing the Gospel to bear on the lives of those who belonged to the lowest strata of society. The common people heard our Lord gladly, and so did the outcasts of Antioch, Corinth and Rome; when they first heard the Gospel they hailed it with a joy that knew no bounds. When the church forgets to hear the sighing of the

prisoner, and becomes a club for its own exclusive benefit, she might as well surrender her commission and become a worldly organization. We have no controversy with the penologist or prison reformer, but any change in the life of the criminal that would be permanent must have the true, vital religion of the Lord Jesus behind it.

The tremendous growth of the prison population during the past quarter of a century is most appalling and should be an incentive to the church at large to do something to save the brother in stripes from continuing any longer as an enemy of society. There never was a time in the whole history of the world when so many young men and women were carried off their feet by temptations that lure them to their death. It is only as the Gospel is preached in its fulness, and received into the heart, that we can hope for any permanent reformation in the life of the lawbreaker.

Thank God, some of our modern prisons are under good and faithful management. And the influences of such places aid the work of prison reform; but we regret to say that there are other penal institutions that are simply dungeons of filth, brutal and debasing in character, and even immoral—from which the light of the Gospel of Christ is entirely excluded.

Because the church is lax in her duties to God and man, the man in stripes suffers. Often the wrongs that the prisoners suffer might be greatly remedied if the church uttered a united protest to the authorities. The soul of all reformation is the reformation of the soul, and this must be continually kept before the minds of our penal authorities. Crime in every form is another name for sin, and sin is depravity in its final analysis. But the Gospel of Christ is the one and only cure for sin in the world.

In the early history of Christianity the church took a much deeper interest in the welfare of the prisoner than now. Members of the church visited the prisoner in the dungeons and prayed with him and in every way labored for his restoration, not simply to society, but as a re-

deemed man. During the Middle Ages, while the rank and file of the church slept in the lap of luxury, nothing was done to ameliorate the conditions of the prisoner. The Bible was a sealed book and kept from the common people. The prisoner was considered a social outcast and hopeless, and was shunned by the ecclesiastics of the time. With the advent of John Howard, the morning star of prison reform, a change for the better took place. Howard had a burning desire to preach Christ to the man behind the bars. He traveled all over Great Britain and the Continent of Europe, he stirred the church and the authorities, and finally petitioned Parliament in favor of prison reform.

One of the reasons why so many young men are in prison in our day is because of the large number of irreligious homes and the lack of moral training in our public schools. In many of our States the Bible has been thrown out of the school curriculum, and as a result our boys and girls grow up as ignorant of God and redemption as the cattle in the stock-yards.

It has been estimated by competent authorities that there are in the United States no less than fifteen million boys and girls that attend no Sabbath school and receive no religious instruction on the Lord's day. The church should labor more abundantly for the youth of the land, before they form criminal habits.

The church of the twentieth century must not forget that the work of reaching men and women in prison belongs to her. It is given to her by her Lord and Master, who said, "I was in prison and ye came unto me." In many of our prisons east and west the religious work is carried on by outsiders who are self appointed and are responsible to nobody. The Protestant Church in America must wake up and seek out the lost in prison. This flock of wandering sheep will never be reached unless the church goes after them.

CHAPTER VI

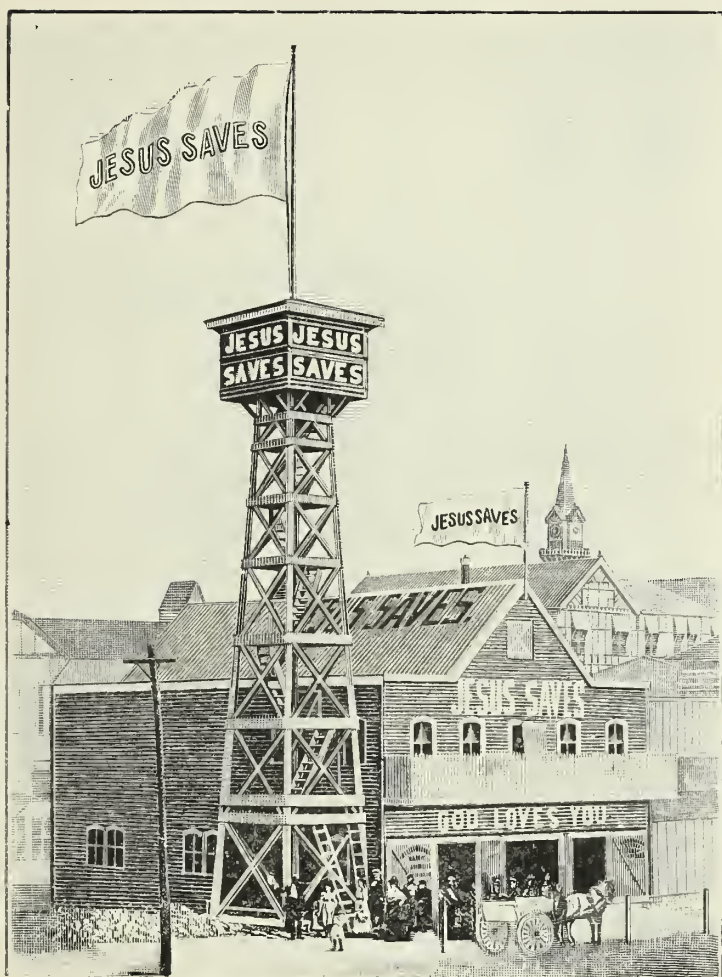
THE CALVARY CURE FOR CRIME

When Jesus began his ministry in Nazareth, He told His audience that His Gospel was intended for all classes and conditions of men. It was for the King on his throne as well as the prisoner in the dungeon. Jesus came to preach "deliverance to captives, the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound and to set at liberty them that are bruised."

All over the land there are thousands of persons in prison of every nationality, color and religion, and thousands of no religion whatever, who desperately need the Gospel. These people, of course, include every degree of depravity possible to human nature. Some show the most hardened and forbidding character with distinct marks of criminality on the countenance, the callous, the brutal and the stolidly indifferent to such surroundings. If men or angels could save souls on the brink of the pit what a field this would be for human effort and the talents of a consecrated missionary. But all flesh is grass and the goodliness thereof as the flower of the field that soon perisheth. Men stand aghast before such an assembly and quake before the undertaking and cry, "Who is sufficient for these things?"

It seems almost incredible that such a flock of lost, strayed and shepherdless sheep could exist in the midst of a Christian civilization in free America, the land of the patriot and the home of the brave. Doubtless our mad, rushing, impetuous, aggressive Yankee, hustling after the almighty dollar, accounts largely for much of the crime of to-day.

I am of the opinion and have expressed it more than once, that if the Lord Jesus, the Wonderful One who



William Hughes, who had been District Attorney of Queens County, was sentenced to a term of imprisonment in Sing Sing. After his conversion, which took place during a revival in the Hudson River Prison, he returned to Coney Island, where he started a Mission for "down and outs." Everybody knew Hughes' Mission for on the tower could be seen the words, *Jesus Saves*. He was greatly assisted in the work by Abe Lincoln Graham, President of Society for the Protection of Life.

calmed the boisterous Galilee came back to earth in the flesh, he would go to the prisons of the land and speak to the disconsolate unfortunates therein words of tenderness and love!

To help these people is indeed a superhuman task when we look at it from the standpoint of frail humanity, but with God all things are possible. But who can help these hardened men and women into a better life, all besmeared and saturated with the odor of the pit, many of whom look more like demons than those once made in the image of God? No wonder one of these men who spent many months behind the bars for the crime of murder said to me as I spoke to him of a future life, "Chaplain, I have never denied the existence of a hell; how could I? Since I became the Devil's tool, I have had a living hell in my heart."

But what filth, wretchedness and misery these hardened men and women reveal, all of which they reap as the wages of sin. As they have never-dying souls to be saved, someone must speak to them the words of eternal life in Christ's name. And none of them is beyond the reach of the religion of Christ or human influences, even though their pictures adorn the Rogues' Gallery.

But notwithstanding the fact that religious and humanitarian agencies have been at work in the Tombs for nearly eighty years, hundreds of men and women come and go almost daily, flowing like a stream of darkened humanity—some, thank God, going out to sin no more, others going into the darkness of despair and death! The old Tombs building which was the scene of so many tragedies in the past, no longer exists, having been demolished to make room for the new subway. But the new Tombs built of steel and granite, is destined to last even longer than the old building and fill a long-felt want in the Empire City.

Some people seem to think that hardened convicts are beyond the reach of salvation, but this is a very great mistake. I speak from experience when I say that the most hardened men and women ever placed

behind prison bars may be reached and saved from the dominion and power of sin, provided of course, they are willing to surrender their lives to the Lord Jesus and turn away from all known sin. I speak only of what I know and testify of what I have seen with my eyes during an experience of ten years as Tombs Chaplain.

The Christian worker who goes to prison with the Gospel must be an optimist, and expect great things of God, otherwise his labors will be in vain. The fact is, nearly all of our three thousand jails, prisons and reformatories scattered over the United States are nothing less than crime factories or the "graves of blasted hopes and sepulchres of ghastly tragedies." It ought to be said, in a large number of cases, the men who run our prisons are not what they should be, nor are the surroundings always of an elevating character. But criminals are like other men except this, that sin has made them social anarchists, deprived them of their liberty and marked them with the prison pallor.

While criminality is largely the result of ignorance, it is an ignorance that defies God and man, and is sure finally to meet its doom. "Not only is the way of the transgressor hard," but the one that sows moral evil is sure to reap what he has sown in this life and the life to come, unless he repents of his sins.

Again criminality is the outcome of depraved tastes, desires and actions. But then depravity is simply an evil heart gone mad, lawlessness run riot, like a ship without a rudder, driven hither and whither on the sea of life.

The laws of life are adequate and just and sufficiently elastic for all to make a successful career if we do our best and endeavor to live industrious and God-fearing lives. But if any man thinks that the world owes him a living without working for it, that man is doomed to disappointment and failure and is simply greasing the toboggan slide that will soon land him in prison. The Devil tempts most people, but the idler tempts the Devil. Many centuries ago, God said that man must live by the

sweat of his brow; when he fails here it is at the expense of his entire moral nature.

The prisoner, no matter what his crime may be, is a man, and with few exceptions, is very much like other men. I believe that he can be reformed and transformed. Down deep in every heart is a tender chord that may be touched by Christian sympathy, and the milk of human kindness. The man behind the bars is assuredly in a condition of mind to receive such sympathy; and not he only, but indeed any man in trouble. The law itself is cold and heartless, and metes out justice to rich and poor alike. A criminal may care nothing whatever for the law, but if you pity him in his lost and forlorn condition, he will readily respond to your kindness, and will soon show that he appreciates your sympathy. This is the stepping-stone toward doing him good.

This was the way Christ reached men in his day. He first extended sympathy to the needy; after that he commiserated them; then he helped them into a new life. You cannot separate real heart-born sympathy from the Christian religion. Where the one is, you are sure to find the other.

John Howard, the morning star of prison reform, was one of the most lovable of men. Like his Master, he went about doing good. He was the first to expose the miseries and vices found in the prisons of Great Britain and the continent of Europe, in the middle of the eighteenth century.

He not only visited them personally in prison, and sympathized with them in their unfortunate condition, but he sought to alleviate their sufferings by reforms that would reach their case.

Nowhere else in the world is the power of Christian kindness more quickly felt than in prison. As soon as the man behind the bars finds out that you are his friend, he will open his heart to you; then he becomes a captive to your kindness; then he will make an appeal

to the ambassador of Christ for something he has not, namely: the religion of Jesus Christ.

This is the only safe and sure remedy for the law breaker. It is Christ the hope of glory formed within. The prisoner knows this, although he may not possess it. He knows also that he has been a delinquent, a wrongdoer, a transgressor, perhaps all his life! Possibly the whole forcefulness and ingenuity of his character have been spent in sin. By his own doings he has become a social outcast, weak and discouraged; distrusted by his friends and with nearly all of his courage gone. He fears now though perhaps he cannot make much headway in the world. But give him Christian sympathy and the old fires in his soul will again revive, and he will take fresh courage. If Christian people shun these outcasts in prison, what is to become of them? They will go deeper in the mire and become greater criminals. Yet such is the kind of people that fill our jails, prisons and reformatories all over the land, out of which, by the help of God, we are able to make good citizens.

They are raw products to be sure, but wherever you find such characters even deeply stained in sin, they have souls for whom Christ died and are therefore more valuable in His estimation than a world of rubies. It is said that the raw materials in any one of our large city skyscrapers could be purchased for the modest sum of five to fifty thousand dollars cash, but when this material is put into a building its value is increased a hundredfold.

A poor soul rescued and saved from a life of crime by a kind word may cost the giver very little, but may lead to some mighty moral revolutions in the world.

I have known men and women to weep bitterly under the preaching of the Gospel. I could mention the names of noted inmates who were in prison for all kinds of offences, who confessed to me their wrong-doing, and wished to know how they could live an honorable Christian life. While I talked to them their eyes would fill

with tears, and when I called upon them to pray for themselves as I invariably did, they would sob and moan alternately. And though they sounded no trumpet indicating what they would do when they were free, scores of them went, I believe, out to live the better life.

The tendency and trend of all who violate the moral law is downward, down to the gates of hell. Nor does it pay under any circumstances for a young man or woman to enter bad company, unless they have the resistive grace of God in their hearts; and then only to warn others against an evil life. I have found that it is not one step alone that leads to moral ruin, but many steps. All the time God waits to be gracious, and urges all to mend their ways before it is too late.

It is certainly true that no man goes to Sing Sing, Elmira, or Blackwell's Island, and comes back, who is not ten times worse than before, unless he has the Grace of God in his heart. It is impossible for any one to mix with such company without receiving evil impressions unless his mind is fortified by the religion of Jesus Christ.

I have come to the conclusion, after long experience in dealing with all classes of men and women in prison that the only sure and permanent cure for crime, is God's remedy for sin. Here it is: The Gospel of Christ which is the power of God unto Salvation to every one that believeth. Industrials, discipline, force of every kind, lenient measures, soft snaps and the pleasures of the world have all failed. But God's remedy for a wicked, sinful life has never failed. We call it the Calvary Cure for Crime.

[I believe the present Governor of New York, Charles S. Whitman, who is an honored member of the University Place Presbyterian Church, who had a godly father who was a member of New York Presbytery, whom I have spoken to more than once, before he had passed to his reward, can do a great deal for the prisons of the Empire State by correcting many of the abuses and placing them on a solid foundation. In this way he will greatly help in the work of the prisoners' re-habilitation.]

CHAPTER VII

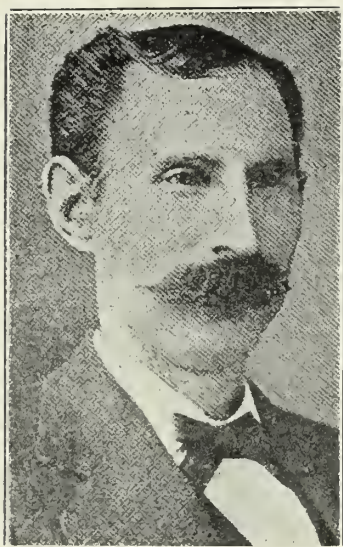
MY FIRST MEETING WITH JERRY McAULEY

The Converted River Thief

[The conversion of Jerry McAuley, in Sing Sing, who nearly all his life previously was known to the New York police as a Fourth Ward pirate and river thief, was considered by those who knew him best as a marvelous work of grace. In fact, it was so astonishing that many persons refused to believe it. When I first heard him tell the story my heart was thrilled within me, and it was just then that the desire came upon me to work for the salvation of just such men. And I now believe that under God Jerry gave me the first incentive to labor for the salvation of men in prison.]

Jerry McAuley was an all-round crook, pirate and river thief, from his youth up; and was known to the police of the Fourth Ward for many years as a dangerous character. He had an unparalleled police record and was seldom out of prison.

It was in the early part of the "seventies" that I first began doing mission work in lower New York, with a view to study for the Christian ministry, if the Lord should open the way. I well remember my first efforts in this respect on the east side of the city, between Twelfth Street and East Broadway. In those days the "Red Light District" as it was called, was largely populated by a medley of Americans, Germans, Irish and a sprinkling of other nationalities. The Jews at this time were more largely confined to Chatham Square and that immediate neighborhood. In the district which I systematically visited I found many Protestant Churches doing a good work for the Master. But as soon as the tide of immigration spread above Fifty-ninth Street many of these churches gradually moved up-town or sold their property, and entirely disappeared.



JERRY MCAULEY

The founder of the Water Street Mission; converted in Sing Sing, November, 1863; pardoned by Governor Seymour, March 5, 1864; died in New York City, September 18, 1884. Jerry was one of the greatest mission workers this city has ever known. He will be remembered long for the work he has done in leading many to Christ. Dan. 12:3.

At the time of which I now write, there was a little Baptist Church on Stanton Street, about three blocks east of the Bowery, which afterwards removed up-town. As a missionary worker I kept in touch with most of the churches in my district, and in that way learned of the changes, and the men who were becoming prominent in the various kinds of rescue work.

Jerry McAuley had only recently become Superintendent of the Water Street Mission, a work established through the generosity of A. S. Hatch, the banker. Everybody knew that Jerry had been converted in Sing Sing Prison and was now doing a good work for Christ in one of the toughest parts of a down-town district. He began his work in a hall under the Brooklyn Bridge known as 316 Water Street. Jerry was not much of a talker in meeting, but he was a superb reader of character, and could tell at a glance the pan-handlers who tried to impose upon him. Jerry knew enough to refuse to hand out lodgings and meal tickets to all who simply held up their hands in meeting. He wanted them to kneel at the anxious benches and make a full surrender to the Lord to show their sincerity, which made the work on Water Street very effective.

Jerry had a standing invitation to visit missions and churches in all parts of the city, and when he did so and it was known, he usually had a large audience to listen to him; and besides he was sure to leave a glowing testimony for Christ. It was my good fortune on one of those never-to-be-forgotten occasions to hear Jerry tell how the Lord converted him in Sing Sing Prison. The meeting was held in the little Baptist Church of which I have already spoken, on Stanton Street. I was greatly interested in his testimony, and can still see his pale, thin, blanched, prison-pallor face before me. As a speaker he was awkward, hesitating, slow of speech and ungrammatical. But the impression he left on me that evening is still as vivid and as real as it was at that moment.

Jerry was still a young man, not more than thirty-six

years of age, but his early sinful life made him prematurely old. He had a hard face, with gray piercing eyes that seemed to look through you. He was tall, angular and wore a slouch hat. He had on a baggy suit of clothes that was two sizes too large for him. It was the regular prayer meeting night, but whether it was known or not that Jerry was to be there I cannot say, but there were not many present. He arose in front of me, and began in his characteristic way to tell how the Lord saved him in prison. I kept my eyes on him from first to last, drinking in every word he uttered.

I had heard so much of this man, Jerry McAuley, who had been converted in Sing Sing that I was exceedingly glad to have this opportunity to hear the story from his own lips.

I knew Banker Hatch to be a loyal and generous member of the Broadway Tabernacle, who also carried on a work on the new Bowery, for children. Mr. Hatch had great confidence in Jerry and believed him to be a truly converted man, and had installed him as superintendent of the Water Street Mission when the work was only experimental. Jerry's experience with the "down and outs" of Water Street was often full of perplexities and trials till Mr. Hatch took hold of the work and stood behind him, with most kindly and generous heart and hand.

Jerry's testimony that evening was very simple and brief. Nor shall I ever forget it as long as I live. To say that he deeply moved me does not adequately express my feelings. Although he only spoke ten or twelve minutes yet it was one of the greatest sermons I ever heard in my life, and it lingered with me for years afterwards. I have read two lives of Jerry since his death, September 18, 1884, written by different persons, but neither of them furnishes in detail anything like the story which he told that evening. Not any of the writers perhaps ever heard the story in detail as it fell from Jerry's own lips.

In giving his experience that evening, after stating

that he had been born in Ireland, but could not tell the exact year, he said he came to this country with his parents when a child. I have always thought that a mistake was made in giving Jerry's age. When he died in September, 1884, his age was given as forty-five, but it seems to me it ought to have been forty-nine or fifty at that time. It was January, 1857, when he was sentenced by Judge Sutherland to fifteen years and six months in Sing Sing, but by that way of reckoning, he would have only been eighteen years of age at the time, a mere boy. If that was so he would have been sent to some reformatory rather than to State Prison.

After the death of his mother he lived with a drunken relative who made his existence miserable and also permitted him to live a wild, godless life, which led to his arrest and imprisonment a score of times.

Finally he became so bold in crime that he lapsed into a pirate and river thief, and after many daring escapes he was at last caught by the police "red-handed." After trial and conviction he was sentenced to Sing Sing for the term of fifteen years and six months. When he reached the gray prison on the Hudson, he was in a bad state of mind and for weeks he did nothing but brood over his long sentence and how he might make a successful escape. Finally he made up his mind to make the attempt, even if he had to murder his keepers.

This state of mind showed clearly that Jerry was a hardened character, but not hopeless as it prepared him for his final surrender to God.

During the first five years of his prison life he was a most unruly prisoner and gave the authorities no end of trouble. Most of the keepers considered him a prisoner who would stop at no deed to secure his liberty and some were afraid of him.

Up to this time Jerry took no stock in religion, he rather made a mockery of it, and "considered priests and ministers hypocrites, working for all they could get out of the business."

It seems that at this time a New York lady, said to be

the wife of a retired Presbyterian minister, was in the habit of visiting Sing Sing monthly as a missionary. Her work consisted in going from cell to cell, speaking and praying with the prisoners and giving tracts. In speaking of her, Jerry said, "I observed that she was a very nice lady. The first time she came to my cell I turned my back on her so she passed to the next cell. I knew she was trying to do good and did not wish to insult her, so I thought I would speak to her the next time she visited the prison.

"A month from that Saturday she called on me again, and spoke to me a few kind words in regard to my soul's salvation and my need of Christ. She also asked me to read the Bible, but I smiled at that remark as that Book was all Dutch to me. The only thing of the kind that I knew much about was the Catholic Prayer Book, which my drunken aunt carried with her to the Catholic Mass. I remembered when she returned from her morning devotions, if I did not get whiskey for her, she would cover me with curses. The Bible was an unknown book to me, I never remember seeing it in my house. I concluded that if this missionary's religion was the same as my aunt's, I did not want it under any circumstances.

"After speaking to me five or ten minutes, she asked if she might pray with me. To her question, I am ashamed to say, I gave her a cold freezing answer. I said she could if she wanted to. Then she knelt at my cell door and began to pray. Out of respect to the lady I raised my hand over my eyes. Soon her voice changed and she became very sympathetic as she pleaded with God for my poor soul. I had lived such a mean, sinful life that I felt it was mockery to pray for a poor devil like me. Then I spread my fingers over my eyes and peeked through the grating of the cell door. To my surprise I saw that she was in tears. Then a strange feeling came over me, and I wondered why a person of another faith should shed tears for me—a poor, ignorant Roman Catholic, who was a disgrace to his own faith.

"For myself I have always believed that God used one of the lady's tears as a wedge to get into my hard heart."

Just about this time Jerry learned that there had been a blessed work of grace in the Fourth Ward, his old camping ground, where he lived most of his life and where he planned his crimes. About this time John Allen, who kept a low dance hall on Water Street, and was known as the wickedest man in New York, was converted. Jerry also learned that his old companion in crime, Orville Gardner, was also led to Christ. Gardner went under the name of "Aful" Gardner, as he was one of the toughest men in New York. Many a job he and Jerry carried through that involved every thing but murder. During the weeks that Jerry was under conviction of sin,—he sometimes suffered the horrors of the damned—all the time dreading to give up the old life for fear of what his old companions might say about him. About this time his old friend, Orville Gardner, who had been converted a few weeks before, was invited to give his experience in the Sing Sing Chapel unknown to Jerry. Gardner had been an inmate of Sing Sing a number of times. He was ashamed to visit the prison alone. But Peter Dwyer came up from New York with him and told me that he (Dwyer) was in the chapel when he gave his wonderful experience that Sabbath morning. When Jerry saw "Aful" Gardner in the chapel beside the Chaplain he could hardly believe his eyes, so he rubbed them over several times. While Gardner was giving his testimony, Jerry dropped his head between his knees and his eyes began to fill with tears. He was so ashamed that any person should see him weeping that he wished that the floor of the chapel could open up and he be swallowed out of sight! It was said that during the time Gardner gave his testimony there was not a dry eye in the chapel. Jerry returned to his cell that afternoon and for weeks alternately wept and groaned and read the Bible seeking light. He had made up his mind to be a Christian. After a season he found peace

with God through our Lord Jesus Christ and came out a redeemed man, yielding all to Jesus!

Some months after his friends who had confidence in the conversion of Jerry McAuley, sought executive clemency in his behalf and he was pardoned by Governor Seymour on March 5, 1864.

Now begins the tug of war in Jerry's life. If some Christian man had only met Jerry as he came from Sing Sing, with his heart glowing with love to Christ for what he had done for him, and instructed him in the same Christian experience, it would have saved him years of bitterness and sorrow of heart. Jerry came to New York and went directly to his old camping ground in the Fourth Ward. He made strenuous efforts to find employment that he might earn an honest living, but nobody would have him. He was arrested by the police of the Fourth Ward on many occasions, but they were compelled to discharge him. Some friends came forward and tried to show that he was a reformed man and then they let him alone when they saw his pardon signed by Governor Seymour. Soon after this he backslid previously. It was the time of the war and he enlisted a number of times and became a "bounty jumper" and made a lot of money, but he used it up as soon as he made it. He also plied his former life on the river as a thief, stealing from ships and buying stolen goods. In this way he must have gone on three or four years as a river thief until God in His mercy warned him for the last time that if he went on the river again he would lose his soul. Afterward he visited the Howard Mission on the New Bowery, where he signed the pledge and by degrees was restored to a place of respect in the community as a redeemed man. In October, 1872, Mr. A. S. Hatch, the banker, gave him the old John Allen dance house at 316 Water Street and he opened it as a Helping Hand and then began the work of reclaiming lost prodigals in the Fourth Ward, such as he formerly was.

The above was the substance of what he told in the

little Baptist Church in Stanton Street, and it set me thinking greatly; then I began to see that we have a great God to deal with and He can do wonders for all who will put their trust in Him. The salvation and reclamation of Jerry McAuley was so marked that it astonished me greatly. To think that God should perform such a miracle in a prison amazed me; but I have lived to see other conversions that have appeared even more astonishing and more wonderful than the conversion of Jerry McAuley, great and glorious as that was.

A great many professing Christians could hardly believe that a hardened criminal like Jerry would or could be saved and kept sweet in his endeavor to live a pure, honorable and upright life. But in time Jerry's conversion became as manifest as that of Saul of Tarsus. I believe Jesus Christ can save a prisoner in his cell as easily as a man in a chapel or church.

This case, however, is only an example out of many. But it shows how people are reached continually for Christ by a kind word, a shake of the hand, a Scripture passage or the faithful preaching of God's message to sinners, which is carried to the heart by the Holy Spirit of God.

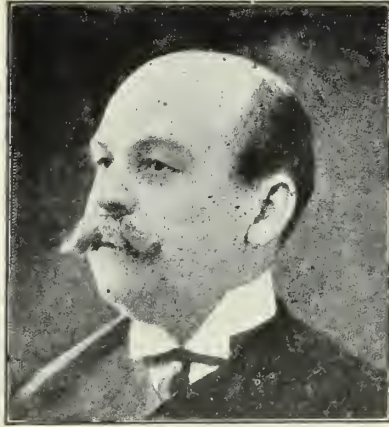
From the night I first met Jerry in the little Baptist Church on Stanton Street, and heard his thrilling testimony till I graduated from Union Theological Seminary some years afterwards, I frequently visited Water Street, which did such a blessed work for the Master. After a time Jerry and his Water Street Mission had a far-famed reputation as a soul-saving institution, and was reaching the down-and-outs of the city. It was visited nightly by people from all parts of the country and hundreds went to their homes east, west and south deeply impressed with what they had heard from the lips of thieves, harlots and drunkards who had been converted to God at the Water Street Mission.

For ten years Jerry continued his labors in Water Street winning many precious souls to the Lord Jesus,

from the very dregs of society. But Jerry was a most unique character. In dealing with ex-convicts and toughs he had no superior and few equals any where. He had very little education, and it is doubtful if he had received six months' schooling in his life. But he could read character better than any man I ever knew in my life. To watch the way he handled the crooks and pan-handlers who went to the "anxious bench" so as to "beat him" out of a lodging ticket or a five cent meal, was an education in itself. He could read them like a book, as he had been all through the game himself.

In a few years Jerry interested Dr. William M. Taylor, of the Broadway Tabernacle, Banker Hatch's pastor; Dr. John Hall, of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, and Dr. William Ormiston, of the Collegiate Reformed Church, and they in turn brought their people "down to Water Street" to see what God was doing for the "submerged tenth." And many of them received new impressions of the power of the Gospel of Christ over sin-cursed lives, such as they had never seen or known before.

"Down in a human heart, crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving hand, wakened by kindness,
Cords that were broken will vibrate once more."



HON. C. V. COLLINS
A Former Superintendent of Prisons.



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS
Connects the Criminal Courts with the Tombs Prison.

CHAPTER VIII

JUSTICE TO THE STATE AND THE PRISONER

There is no question now that prison reform as it is rightly understood began with the dawn of the Christian era, and Jesus of Nazareth was the earliest reformer to teach love and forgiveness toward erring humanity. Force of itself has never been known to change the character of the wrong-doer, but love and pity and kindness win their way to the heart when all other methods fail. Although prison reform has not kept pace with the other great advances in the world's history, nor enjoyed as large a measure of popular favor, it has nevertheless made some progress in the world. During the past quarter of a century in many parts of Europe and America earnest men and women have struggled to change the awful condition of some of our prisons by introducing within their walls the religion of Christ as the dominant note in the reformation of the prisoner. As is well known, many of the prisons of the land are simply schools of vice, where the first offender against law learns more evil in a month than can be eradicated from his mind in years.

It ought to be remembered that the great end in view of all prison reform should be the reformation and salvation of the prisoner, and in this, good people of every name should take a hand. A great many of our modern prison reformers are theorists, and know absolutely nothing of the trials and temptations of the men in and just out of prison. Such people should study the criminal from all sides before they jump at conclusions. The Apostle Paul says, "If a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such a one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted."

The work of rehabilitating the criminal will not be done by the prison official or the politician or the cold blooded prison reformer, but by the spiritually minded men and women who feel deeply for the prisoner in his need.

It should always be borne in mind that a prison is still a place of punishment, and wrong-doers should be kept under restraint or discipline until they give evidence of a moral change in their lives. It is certainly foolish to give the liberty of the prison to every inmate on his mere promise to keep the law.

This only gives the average prisoner a chance to escape and he will surely take the risk as he has every thing to gain and nothing to lose by a lie. To permit a prisoner to work outside his prison walls or on the highways without some one to watch him is to tempt him beyond his ability to resist.

A well regulated prison should have a moral disciplinarian, competent to make a study of each convict, when he enters the institution according to his standing. And here I take issue with so-called prison reformers whose wholesale leniency toward wrong-doers of every class before they have been properly tried and classified according to merit, tends to defeat the ends of justice. Every prisoner committed to an institution should be placed in a middle grade, where by his good behavior after a time he could rise and claim a parole.

Many of the men sent to Sing Sing and other prisons should be punished and the punishment made to fit the crime. Here for example is the case of a man sent to prison for killing in cold blood the bread winner of a family. He has received a life sentence, which now means twenty years. As soon as he reaches the prison he joins the Mutual Welfare League; he has the privilege of the yard and until recently he could work outside the walls without being watched by a keeper. The sentence of the Court was that he should suffer hard labor in prison, but at present the work done by the inmate is of the easiest kind. He can attend the "movies" and

vaudeville, and while he watches the baseball game in the prison yard he can enjoy a Havana to his heart's content. But this is not punishment although he has maliciously murdered the bread winner of a family, whose little ones suffer for years from poverty. Here is another case: A man is sent to prison for ten years for the crime of arson. He rented a small store in a large city tenement house. He stocked his store with groceries and then insured it heavily. After a few months he sold off his stock to a person for a fourth of its value, and then set fire to the store. The fire was discovered at midnight just in time to save the lives of a hundred persons, more than half of whom were little children. The case against him is clear. He pleads guilty and is sentenced to prison. This punishment does not begin to fit the crime, for if three score of helpless children did not perish in that fire, besides two score of adults, it was not the fault of the man who set the store on fire. After the heartless creature reaches Sing Sing, he becomes a member of the prison league and has the best of a time. I am not speaking at random. I knew such a case. One more example I will mention. Not many months ago a burglar entered a home in this State where lived a woman and a child. He tied the woman to a bed and threatened to kill her if she made a move. He took everything of value with him, but before leaving he set fire to the house to cover up his crime. A milkman in the early morning saw smoke coming from the house, extinguished the fire, and saved the lives of the woman and child. The cruel burglar was arrested, confessed his crime and was sent to prison for a few years, but the sentence did not fit the crime, and when he reached prison he was received with open arms by a most lenient prison reformer and given liberties that should be given to no such criminal. He should be punished, and the punishment should have been made to fit the awful crime he committed.

God Almighty can afford to punish men for their wrong-doing and history shows that when he whets his

sword he spares neither the king on his throne, nor the slave in the dungeon. When God punishes men for their sins he exacts a just penalty even though blood flows to the horses' bridles. It is one of the reasons for the present day's lawlessness that the punishment seldom fits the crime. In many of the Western and Southern States the mob takes the criminal out of the hands of the authorities and hangs him to a tree, and perhaps riddles the body of the wrong-doer. Such justice is short, sharp and decisive, and as it is a protest against the dilatory tactics of our Courts of Justice, it meets with approval everywhere.

I believe that the prisoner should be treated kindly and justly by the prison authorities, and every effort made to raise him to a higher standard of living. But he should be made to feel some sorrow for his crime, otherwise the imprisonment will be all in vain. The present day prison reformer does not ask the criminal to repent of his crime and go out and sin no more. And no one can do that unless he depends on a higher power to help him. And as the modern reformer does not exact this promise from the criminal, as a result we have more than fifty per cent. of our first offenders who return to prison a second and a third time, and one-half of our prison population after coming out of prison refuse to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, preferring the life of the criminal to an honest God fearing life. Again I say that the only permanent help for the criminal is the religion of Christ, which can make him an honest man and a law abiding citizen.

In the discussion of prison reform the past few years, scores of misleading articles have appeared in various papers and magazines. Some of these articles represented the prisoner as manacled hand and foot or suffering some other abnormal heart-rending indignities. The average citizen ought to know by this time that every prison is not a paradise, and law breakers are not sent there to have a "good time," but to be punished. But the reformers that get off this periodic "rot" about the

cruelties that are practised in our State prisons should be put out of business or prove their assertions. During the past twenty years I have visited a large number of prisons in many of the eastern States, and have conversed with the Wardens and other officials, but never saw the slightest ground for believing that the officials were inhuman or that they practised cruelties on the average prisoner.

CHAPTER IX

MY BROTHER, GOD LOVES YOU!

During my Chaplaincy at the Tombs Prison, it was my custom to visit the Ten Day House, or what was better known as "Bummer's Hall," every Sabbath morning and speak to the inmates at close range. One of the keepers usually opened the iron gate and locked me in with the prisoners. Every Sabbath morning this cell contained from thirty to fifty persons, and frequently many more, especially after a raid. These people really were composed of the offscourings of the city. They were the product of the liquor saloon that passed through the Tombs Police Court, which does more business on Sunday morning among this class than half the other courts in the city. The contents of the police drag net that morning was composed chiefly of tramps, panhandlers, dead beats, bums and common drunks from the street. When they are thrown into the "Pen" they are usually in a filthy condition, and most of them spend the time howling and screaming like wild demons. But they are not beyond God's reach, for many bright and shining lights have been rescued from this place to deck the Redeemer's Crown. If I remember correctly there must have been about forty persons in the "Pen" that morning. There was nothing more peculiar about the inmates that day than on other occasions, with possibly one exception. It was J. R., who attracted my attention. He stood in a corner of the large cell with a look of deep concern on his face. He was evidently thinking about something, I know not what. To me he presented the picture of despair. I might qualify it by saying he looked like a gloomy, morose, melancholy, down-and-out drunkard.



New York's Famous Prison, The Tombs.

Believing he needed a word of cheer I went up to him and taking him by the hand I said, "My brother, God loves you." I did not know who he was and after a few remarks I passed on to speak to some of the others around him.

I learned afterwards that this poor soul had been under the bondage of strong drink for nearly thirty years. He had signed the pledge and had sworn off time and again. But these efforts were not productive of any permanent results. He had lost many positions that had paid large money, preferring the life of a wanderer and prodigal rather than be an honor to society and his family.

The last time he stood before the Magistrate for being incapably drunk and disorderly in the city he gave him three days. When speaking of this to me afterwards he said, "I had wished he had given me three years rather than three days, for then I would be a sober man till I again reached the outside world." No person now can have any adequate conception of the wonderful change that has come over this dear brother's life since that Sunday morning when he was in the prison cell. Time and again he has told of his transformation, in various missions and churches of the city, and he has given God the glory for the same. His constant testimony has been, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul." How wonderful are the ways of God! As I took his hand that morning all I said was, "My brother, God loves you!" And God used those simple words to bring about his salvation, and since then he has been living an honored Christian life. Glory to God!

Perhaps it is best that I should let him tell the story in his own words, how the Lord sent him deliverance while behind prison bars. This may help other prodigals to take courage and call upon the name of the Lord in the hour of despair for salvation, and He will answer

them as He answered J. R. This is what he afterwards wrote me:

It may help you in your work, and be the means of helping some poor souls who are in the same hopeless condition that I was when I met you, if I give a brief outline of my experience. I had all the advantages of a Christian home and training, and even entered college to study for the ministry, taking my assignment with the other students in supplying vacant pulpits. But as I was not converted, the natural result followed. I could not conscientiously proceed, and withdrew, entering journalism. At twenty-six years of age I was a model young man from a worldly view-point. I had never tasted wine or liquor, and had no flagrant vices. But I was a sinner! And when, soon after, a deep sorrow came into my life, I was tempted to curse God, and took to drinking. My prospects, even then, were such as few young men have, and, being full of ambition, energy and determination, in the course of time I obtained a place in my profession where hundreds envied me. My last regular position was as editor-in-chief of one of the most influential daily papers in New York State, but the demon drink had such a hold on me that, as had been the case in other places, I was forced to relinquish my editorial chair. I then became a sort of a free lance, and for ten years traveled all over the United States, always unfortunately, finding a ready market for my writings, until drunkenness had so far completed my ruin that not one of my old friends would notice me.

How wonderful are God's ways and how past finding out! It seems that this poor soul was snatched from a drunkard's hell not a moment too soon. And all this shows the free and saving grace of God to poor, undone sinners! He was frequently before the Courts for drunkenness and although he was sent to prison several times a year for this offense, when he came out he sought it again as he had done hundreds of times before. Again he writes:

The last time I was there (in the Tombs Prison), after you had held your Sunday morning service you spoke to me, and among other things you said, "My brother, God loves you." Now as an abstract truth, I had known that from childhood, but somehow that truth took hold of me anew and filled my thoughts all that day and night, and I determined, as I had so many times done before, that I would never drink again.

In any ordinary affairs of life I had as much will power and force of character as most men, and rarely set out to do anything that I did not accomplish, but in this matter I was utterly helpless. But these words haunted my soul night and day, till I made a full surrender of myself to the Lord Jesus and I became a saved man. Praise His blessed name!

All this shows what the Lord Jesus can do for a poor drunkard and after reading it no one should despair. No one should be discouraged, Jesus is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God through Him. He ever lives to make intercession.

The last time I heard from this brother was when he started west to preach the Gospel and tell the story of how he was converted to God in the Tombs Prison.

CHAPTER X

**“TOO LATE FOR YOU, BUT NOT TOO LATE
FOR GOD”**

One cold raw December morning I went, as my custom was, into the ten day house in the Tombs Prison. That morning the “drunk cage” had as many as fifty to sixty persons, the dregs of the City Police Court—who had been committed by the Magistrate for intoxication. With few exceptions they were in a filthy condition, and typical of the “down-and-outs.” In going among this crowd in the early morning I tried to give a word of cheer and encouragement and point them to Christ the Saviour of sinners. On this morning I began reciting texts of Scripture, such as “Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be red as crimson they shall be as wool,” and some passages from the Gospels. One seedy looking man who saw me coming to him said, “It’s too late for me, try some other fellow.” I replied immediately, “It may be too late for you, but not too late for God.” I then began to speak to him in a kindly manner, as he appeared to be in great distress, for he had seen better days. After a while he bowed the knee with me in prayer, calling upon God in the language of the Publican, “God be merciful to me, a sinner!” That was the first prayer he had offered since he was a boy when he prayed earnestly at his mother’s knee in the old village home in western New York. John’s father had been a soldier in the Civil War and after he had been mustered out he remained an invalid till he died.

Soon after this his mother took sick, but before she died she called her son, John, to the bedside and then

and there he promised that he would meet her in Heaven.

Before leaving home for the west John was a promising young man and highly respected by those who knew him. But it was not long before evil companions wrought havoc in his life. Twenty years before, he learned to drink with social companions, but the last few years the liquor habit had increased upon him so fast that he was now a physical wreck. He often told his friends when they remonstrated with him about his wretched habits that he could "take it or leave it," but when he tried to leave it he found himself in the grasp of a tyrant appetite that refused to let him go.

He was now in bondage and could not break away from the grasp of the Devil unless some higher power came to his rescue. He had tried the gold cure and the Keeley cure. And some friend told his wife of another cure which she might put in his coffee unknown to him, which she did, but all to no purpose. There was only one sure cure for his malady, which he had hitherto refused to try. It was the Blood Cure. John was a railroad man and stood high in his profession, receiving as much as \$5,000 a year salary. Yet all this was sacrificed at the altar of Bacchus.

About six weeks before I met him in the Tombs he left his home in Chicago in desperation in search of a cure for his drinking habits. A fiery appetite burned in his soul that could not be quenched. He cried in his agony for deliverance, but he had not yet offered the prayer of the publican or the prodigal in the far country. After leaving Chicago he went to New Orleans thinking that he might shake off the drink appetite in the southern city, but though he stayed there several weeks the appetite stayed on him. Then he came to New York, which he reached the last Saturday of the year. He went to a down town hotel where he intended to end the struggle by taking his own life. He secured a bottle of whiskey and a six shooter, all loaded ready for the deadly work. He told me afterward that he

went to his room and closed the door, he drank nearly all of the whiskey to give him nerve, but every time he laid his hand on the pistol to take his life, a voice within said, "John, you are not ready yet!" That was the voice of God speaking to him and he knew it. He knew that for years he lived a wicked and ungodly life and was not ready to meet his God. With the voice of God crying to him in such a manner he was afraid to go into eternity in his condition. Then he drank all of the whiskey and went down to the bar to secure another bottle. His eyes were like balls of fire, his hair disheveled and he looked the picture of despair. The landlord came into the room just then and saw that he had a pistol hanging out of his pocket. A loaded pistol and a drunken man are bad companions. A policeman was called and John was arrested. In the morning he was taken before Magistrate Mott and sentenced to a brief term in the workhouse. After he had given his heart to God and had sobered somewhat I went to the Magistrate and secured his release and put him in a home for inebriates in New York City, where he stayed six weeks. As he was a man of some business ability he soon secured employment. He was then clothed and in his right mind. After that he united with a Baptist Church in this city and took a class in the Bible School. I think he told me that he had about forty girls in his class. But best of all, thank God, he was a changed man, old things had passed away and to him all things became new. He often spoke in John Street Business Man's Prayer Meeting, of how God delivered him from a life of sin in prison. And he lived an earnest Christian life in this city till he went west some years afterwards.



Underwood & Underwood

Climax of the Sing Sing jollification. The lockstep squad (discarded system) passing in review before the returned warden

CHAPTER XI

A BUNDLE OF MORAL TRANSFORMATIONS

Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of God are blest.

During my early labors in the Tombs, one summer morning I received a brief note from a Christian gentleman in New York City asking me to go at once and visit a man who had just been committed to prison on a very serious charge. Soon afterwards I sought him out, and had a very serious interview with him in his cell. At first he was indifferent to spiritual appeals. Then he frankly related to me, step by step, the details of his ruined life. More than once his face burned with shame, as he covered it with his hands, and told of his disgraced home and broken hearted wife. It was the story of a life blasted by sin. He had been in business for several years in New York, but by drink, gambling and speculation he had lost his property, and even his wife's fortune went the same way. He was now an outcast in a felon's cell. I prayed with him and urged him to make a complete surrender of himself to God. At last he prayed for himself. His petitions were full of broken sobs and penitent utterances, as he called on God for deliverance from the bondage of sin. He had come to himself, like the prodigal in the far country. All that night he wept over his blighted life. For several weeks his wife had been on the verge of collapse, from grief caused by his shameful life. After a few days he sent her a note saying that he had given his heart to Christ, and had commenced to live the new life. This news gave her unbounded joy, as she had been praying for him for several years. From that day her recovery from

nervous prostration was assured. During the remainder of his time in jail he gave evidence that a great change had taken place in his life. He even thanked God that he had been brought to prison, because there he had found the Saviour. After a time he was discharged, and returned to his home. For more than a year I heard nothing from him. He was engrossed in the whirl of city life. Some time afterwards as I entered a noon-day prayer meeting in the lower part of the city, I met the gentleman who had first called my attention to the prisoner. He told me that he had been watching him since he left prison more than a year before, and that he knew him to be living a devout, Christian life. He is now a member of the church, a teacher in the Sunday School, and his pastor's right-hand man—in every good work. Then I remembered the words of the Psalmist, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

The Transformation of Albert S.

Albert S—— was the son of a Lutheran minister. He came to this country from Germany when he was seventeen years of age. He was forced to leave his home because of his dissipated habits. His father's friends in this country found him splendid positions, but he did not hold them long because of his wretched habits. After a few years he became reduced to the character of a "Bowery Bum." He suffered many short terms in prison for drunkenness, but as soon as he came out he returned to his "cups" again. Before he was thirty years of age he had been five times in the insane pavilion for *delirium tremens*. The doctors say that three such attacks kill the average drunkard, but three attacks did not kill Albert. He continued to drink to excess, using every dollar he could lay his hands on and all of the remittances sent him from Germany. After a while friends of his father sent him to a sanitarium, but he

returned unreformed and uncured. Several times when turned out on the street he became a raving maniac and had to be sent to Bellevue and put in a straight jacket.

Under the influence of liquor he had committed a crime and was sent to the Island for a year. When he returned he sought employment, but could find none, then he took to drink again; and in that state committed another crime. While confined in the City Prison he, like the prodigal of old, came to himself.

For a time he felt ashamed to call upon God because of his former promises and failures. During one of those times of remorse he cut an artery in his wrist, but was observed in time, otherwise he would have taken his own life. In his last imprisonment he was confined in the old Prison. He seemed to think it was his last opportunity, so he called on Jesus to save him. For several days and nights he wrestled with God in prayer. Then the light came and he became a new man in Christ Jesus. Long before the day of trial he had made up his mind to plead guilty and throw himself on the mercy of the Court. The night before going up for sentence he prayed all night. In Court next day he begged the Judge to give him one more chance for his mother's sake. He said as he stood at the bar, "Your honor, my dear mother has never given me up, give me one more chance for her sake, that by God's help I may show what I can do." Instead of giving him a long sentence he cut down his term very brief. Albert from that day became a changed man and lived a new life as a redeemed man. Albert S——— was in my estimation a brand plucked from the burning.

Saved In a Tombs Cell By Reading a Sermon

As I have listened to the confessions of criminals I have heard many a tale of dark sorrow and cruel woe all the result of a misspent life. I have also seen the scalding tears roll down the cheeks of the transgressor, followed by the remorse that almost convulsed his entire

frame. Retribution is sure to follow the man or woman who abandons God for the pleasures of sin which last only for a season.

Seldom in all my life have I seen a more marked conversion than the case of A. B., a young man whom I have reason to believe was converted in Prison through the reading of a sermon in the Christian Herald. When I have visited men in prison I have tried to hold up Jesus as the sinner's friend. It is not best to take chances for the morrow, for the morrow may never come again and your opportunity is lost.

The young man of whom I speak was about thirty-five years of age, of more than the average intelligence and ability and a person of good conversation. He had been in business in New York for several years, though he resided in Brooklyn. He had a checkered career, had embarked in many wild schemes, honest and dishonest, and failed in them all. Like many others of his kind, he started on the downward life, drinking and gambling and before many years he found himself on the rocks, a total wreck. I have had many personal conversations with him in regard to his need of Christ, but without any apparent results. He seemed joined to his idols.

As I spoke to him on this last occasion of the power of Christ to save, I saw he continually hugged his sins and refused to give them up. As the days passed I became more deeply interested in his case, but was at a loss to know what I could do for him, as long as he refused to forsake his sins. When he lived in Brooklyn he frequently attended church, and was moved often by the power of the Gospel; yet, like King Agrippa he was hardly more than "almost persuaded." But God's gracious Spirit strove with him for weeks at a time. How he could hold out as he did was a mystery. When all others gave him up as hopeless, I still believed that God would hear prayer for him, as he had a praying mother.

How he came to be a follower of Jesus I will tell in his own words. "One night in my lonely prison cell," said he, "I came to the conclusion that I was a lost young

man, on the brink of eternity and in hopeless despair. As you passed my cell one morning you gave me a copy of the Christian Herald, which I went through to see if it had something to fit my case. In it there was a sermon by Dr. Talmage, it was full of 'clenchers' and answered my objections to Gospel truth. I was hit badly and then and there dropped on my knees calling on God to help a poor sinner like me. The message proved a blessing, as I knew it came from God. O my burden rolled away, my anxiety ceased, my troubled soul became calm and I fell on my cot and went to sleep like a child. My one desire was that I might remain steadfast in the Christian life. And my prayer now is that when I am a free man I may so live that I shall help my fellow man in the Christian life."

Ben Roberts' Emancipation.

January will always be a memorable month with Ben Roberts, and he will likely remember it down to the day of his death. Ben was a poor debauched, disfigured creature, all caused by sin. Nothing less than the power of God could have changed him! On the first day of that month God saved his soul in cell No. 124 in the old Prison. Ben, who was about twenty-seven years of age at the time, was born in one of the British Provinces. His father, who was a member of Parliament, was able to give his son a good start in life. Soon after leaving home he came to the United States. Here he led a wild and godless life. After a while he reached the end of his rope and wound up in prison. In his new quarters he had time to think over his past life; and it is hardly necessary to say that it did not take him long to reach the conclusion that thus far he had been a rank failure; he admitted that he had tried to reform many times and had made numerous good resolutions, but they had all failed. He was no good to himself or anybody else. The fact is, and the sooner a poor lost soul finds it the better, that the person that is fettered to sin can no

more throw off the satanic incubus than an Ethiopéan can change his color. I have no doubt in my mind that God permits people to get behind the bars that he may speak to them in the solitude of their gloomy cell and save them from a worse calamity. But hundreds of both sexes are oblivious to all of God's warnings and rush madly on in a career of crime, going deeper and deeper in the mire of wickedness and sin. This was the experience of Ben Roberts. At last he believed he had sinned away the day of grace.

On New Year's Day, during the morning service, while the Chaplain and his helpers were on the bridge of the second tier, Roberts dropped on his knees and made a full surrender of himself to the Lord Jesus, and then and there found pardon and peace to his soul. Up to this time he was profuse in excuses and apologies for his past sins and took a delight in denying the crime that brought him to jail, but as soon as he came to Jesus Christ, he openly confessed his sins and admitted the justness of the law that brought him to prison. His repentance was indeed sincere, for with tears in his eyes he confessed himself a poor ungodly sinner, and from the hour of his surrender took pains to warn those around him, and especially his cell mate, to shun the life which in the end could only bring sorrow and shame.

Ben Roberts was a man of intelligence and could write a letter so that every one could understand what he meant. After being in deep conviction of sin for several days he found peace through the Blood of Christ. Then he wrote me the following letter, which speaks for itself:

DEAR CHAPLAIN :

Sitting in my cell, I am changed from being a damned sinner to a Christian. In proof of this, through earnest prayer, God has forgiven me my sins, has taken the weight of the sin off me, and sent me to work for Him, and fight against the Devil, who caused me to commit the sins that blighted my life. When on New Year's morning, during the services, the words of God's Gospel came upon me, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow, though they be red like

crimson they shall be as wool" (Isaiah 1:18), I knew that God was now speaking to me for the last time. I then asked Him in sincere prayer to forgive me my many sins, and start me, that New Year's Day, on the road to eternal happiness. God answered me as though ~~my~~ magic. I felt at once relieved and saved from my sins; in fact, altogether different from my past feelings—as though a sudden brightness came into my soul. I continued to ask God to keep me in His own way, praying for strength, grace and guidance in the path of duty. I also thanked God for causing me to be put in prison, that I might have time to reflect on my past life, and choose whether or not I would follow Christ the remainder of my life, or follow the Devil. I especially asked God to go with my family in my present trouble, and provide for them till I secured my liberty. I know now that I am saved from hell's gate and eternal damnation, and whatever is my fate in the future, I know that I am safely anchored in Christ's harbor of eternal rest.

CHAPTER XII

YOUNG MEN IN THE CITY WHIRLPOOL

One of the startling facts that the church of to-day is called upon to reckon with is the great army of young men that work themselves into prison. They do not all come from ignorant and depraved homes. Many come from the densely populated Wards of the city, but a large number come from the great middle class and are fairly well educated. It is admitted that a large number of the homes of the great middle class are as godless as those of the lowest strata of society. It is not enough to give boys a good education and teach them etiquette, but they must have moral training to balance their life.

Not long ago a Brooklyn minister counted no less than fifteen college graduates in the bread line on the Bowery. Was education wasted on these young men? Certainly not. But they seem to show a lack of moral training.

There are said to be no fewer than half a million of young men in Greater New York outside the pale of the churches who are left to drift on the sea of life, and as far as we know no agency is specially at work to save them. There are missions by the score that get the professional-seedy-panhandler, but the godless young man who has commenced to live a criminal life shuns such places. Other young men who have led a fast life soon become intemperate. When they land in the Tombs they have to be fumigated. I have often wished that a rich man like John D. Rockefeller would build a house just for this class on the Bowery. I do not mean a mission, but a sort of clearing house where the young derelicts might have an opportunity of being washed, fed, housed and clothed. I am sorry that the Young Men's Christian

Association does not take up this work and reach them before they land in prison. But the church must do something to save these young men in their youth, and the sooner she begins to do this work the better for all concerned.

I once wrote to Superintendent Brockway of Elmira Reformatory, whom I have always regarded as one of the best informed penologists in the United States, asking him why so many young men are sent to prison, rather than men of maturer years, and he replied: "Young men between the ages of sixteen and thirty are the most pushing, vivacious, alert, wide-awake and daring." Though this reply was not as satisfactory as I should have liked, it explained much. I believe there are times when temptations to commit crime are greater than at others; for example, when one has been idle for a long time and feels the pangs of hunger, or when one has been over extravagant in dress and living, and wishes to meet bills and has no money. Young men who live in idleness and refuse work when it is offered them, or have extravagant habits, or who gamble and indulge in strong drink, yield more readily to the tempter and commit crime without much hesitation.

So far as the ruin of young men is concerned, I regard the low gin mill, the cheap playhouse and vile literature as by far the worst factors. All of these are both infectious and contagious, and sooner or later injure all who are dominated by them. I am satisfied that the dime novel and other yellow-covered books are crime producers and generate criminal instincts. More than once we have seen men who have become criminals in heart and life by absorbing criminal ideas. After reading the hair-breadth escapes of Jesse James and other noted desperadoes, or the way some stage-coach or express train had been "held up" by Western bandits, fear of consequences is driven away, and the individual is ready to commit any kind of crime.

Nowhere else in the world can be seen to greater advantage the effect of sin on a young man than in that

cesspool of wreckage—the Tombs Prison. It is here that hulks and derelicts that have been abandoned in the ocean of life come to a standstill. Some were sunk so low that the only thing before them was the dark waters of the North River. Other young men who were able to realize where they were when they sobered and came to themselves, wept aloud over the misspent lives, and wished an opportunity to begin life over again.

The question is often asked by men in the church: Can those men who have been drunkards and criminals for years be transformed by the power of the Gospel? That is to say: Can hardened men and women with bleared eyes, sunken and emaciated cheeks and other marks of sin upon them become Christians? Often in the ten-day house in the Tombs I felt as I came near the besotted multitude, who carried a forbidding odor with them wherever they went, that they required an immediate fumigation, yet when they came to the Lord Jesus, all of these manifestations of sin passed away.

Perhaps it ought to be said that crime is depravity gone to seed, or if you wish to use a stronger expression, "It is hell let loose in a human life." When you think of men of this class who possess unbridled passions, violent tempers and unsubdued wills which often impel them to deeds of violence you will not think the expression too strong.

Again crime is a despoiler and a disrupter of the family circle, and, in most of our States, is a valid excuse for sundering the marital relations. And yet the society woman who bows before the god of fashion is responsible for some of this, as she often compels her husband to live beyond his means till he becomes an embezzler or a forger—and finally lands in prison.

Then there are tyrannical demands that are made on men of small means, who would naturally be inclined to live *the simple life*, but are prevented by society's inexorable laws. These and many other things will largely account for much of the crime of to-day.

Many of these young men come to our cities from

country homes in search of employment, and not finding any, after they have spent all their savings eke out a miserable existence by doing odd jobs or even "pan-handling." After they have exhausted their resources they become seedy in appearance, break off all connection with their friends at home, live the life of a common tramp and then lose all ambition for ever finding employment. This chronic condition paves the way for a term in jail.

After a while they mingle with criminals who present a rosy scheme for making money without working for it. But as soon as they try to carry it out they find themselves in the meshes of the law. Then they wake up to the fact that "the way of the transgressor is hard." It is true that after they have reached the stage of "chronic tramping" some of the rescue missions aid them with free meals and lodgings, but this is frequently the worst thing that can be done for them, as it only adds permanency to the bitterness of their lives.

There are so many accessible avenues to crime in our large cities that we wonder why more doors are not open for the young men who would avoid the way of the transgressor. Many a young man before he has taken his final plunge into crime has turned with eager eyes toward the massively endowed buildings of some Christian institution. If he has been in prison and has told his story to some of the officials, he is informed that the cosy parlors are not for him or his kind, but for well to do young men who are able to support the revenues. If he has a letter to write or is hungry, he turns away with a heavy heart from an institution that generous benefactors had designed to be a refuge to just such young men, then he goes to the Cooper Union, which makes no pretense to be Christian. Frequently such young men are sent to some cold blooded institutions that are supported mainly by Christian people, but after he has told his story he receives in return a lot of "hot air advice". After this the average young man who has been turned down so many times when he

tried to get on his feet again, feels that the only thing he can do is to commit another crime and go back to prison.

The young men in prison are not hopeless, nor are they beyond the reach of kindness and the Gospel of Jesus Christ. But there seems to be no particular agency at work trying to reach these young men and save men before they become tramps and criminals. Although the criminal is not an attractive character, he is worth saving, and when we set in motion certain influences that combine Christian work and prayer, we cannot tell what results may come from our efforts. I believe a solution of this matter is with the church. As a divine institution she has the key to the situation. If more heads of families and Bible school teachers sought the conversion of children between the ages of five and fifteen years, I believe fewer young men would be found inside our prisons.

We have no time to dwell on the inexcusable reasons that lead young men into crime. In a large number of cases it is the old story; bad company, idleness, godless homes, loose habits and self indulgence. These all combine to ruin the young men of to-day. Indeed I have heard many a young man who had just landed in prison boast of the number of young women he had seduced. If necessary I could mention other vices which appeal to the modern young man, all of which go to ruin his moral character.

Hundreds of young men who are serving time in Elmira and Sing Sing to-day, lay the beginning of their downfall to bad books and papers that demoralized them. Almost every day in the year modern journalism takes a hand in ruining young lives. For example, when a bloody murder or robbery has been committed, every detail is furnished by some of the daily papers. The ghastly work is enlarged upon, so that those who are morbidly minded are for the time being hypnotized. Some papers make a hero out of the criminal and hold him up before the people as one to be emulated rather

than shunned. Under such circumstances it is not to be wondered at that young men become criminals.

Another cause of crime among young men is what is known as *fast living*. Thousands of men work in this city as clerks, bookkeepers and salesmen in stores and offices. In most cases the salary is very small—only barely enough to live on. Some of them, however, insist on going to the theatre and other places of amusement twice a week. Then they enter society, not necessarily the “four hundred,” but society that is above their own social standing. They have an insane desire to dress like millionaires, and as they cannot do that on the small salary they receive, they feel compelled to steal their employer’s money to keep up a false appearance.

We have known hundreds of cases of young men who became criminals by simply living “fast lives.” There is the case of a young man in Jersey City who was arrested while he was being married, after having stolen from his employers \$6,000. The marriage ceremony and the entire occasion looked as if he belonged to a royal family. The young man was a broker’s messenger on \$10 a week. His work was to carry the daily balances to the clearing house. On his way to that institution he was able to change the figures on the balance sheet and pocket the money. In a year he was able to steal over \$6,000 and place it in the bank in his own name. He is now in prison for his crime, and has long since discovered that “the way of the transgressor is hard,” and that even on a small salary “honesty is the best policy.”

Another young man who was the assistant teller in an uptown bank, stole \$40,000 from the safe, and the only excuse he gave for his wrong-doing was that others had been doing the same thing. He afterwards confessed that he had to do it in order to keep up “style”; he lived like a millionaire in fine apartments on the upper West Side; his wife dressed in the best of fashion with furs and jewelry or whatever his ill-gotten gains could furnish. Another young man stole over \$90,000 from a New Jersey institution and fled to parts unknown.

When an investigation was made it was found that he had an establishment in New York where he kept a team of horses and a woman whose diamonds were a marvel to the community.

Experience Not Always a Warning

Many persons seem to think that no one is so competent to warn the young criminal as he who has been in the same place himself. It is a sad fact, that many young men do not learn by experience. As soon as they are out of one scrape they seem to rush into another, until society is compelled to protect itself by sending them to prison a second, or a third, or even a fourth time. The reason for this doubtless is that the young criminal in a great number of cases gives way to the low instincts of his morbid nature. The sinful habits which he had acquired in youth have grown on him, and now he readily succumbs to temptations in the struggle of life. And the heredity which we hear so much about in these days is simply giving way to his natural depravity. It is safe to say that from seventy to seventy-five per cent. of all who get behind prison bars for the first time are young men between the ages of sixteen and thirty. When the "rounder" puts in an appearance for the second, third and even fourth time, this percentage is reduced. Nevertheless, the great mass of all first offenders are young men.

Some time ago a young man, twenty-seven years of age, was in the Jefferson Market police court. He had wandered to New York months before from a New England home. Although a college graduate and law-student, filling many important and lucrative positions, he lost all through strong drink, cocaine and evil companions. After his arrest he found himself when sobered to be a moral and physical wreck on the verge of collapse.

It seems that when he had exhausted all his resources, and his clothing had become worn and seedy, the only

employment he could find was to play the piano in a Tenderloin "dive" for free "drinks" and a bed. When this class of young men begin to go on the "down grade" they conclude,—wrongly, of course—that it is useless to try to do better. They then cease to make efforts toward reform and soon after oscillate between the ten-day prison house and a brief season of liberty, till after a few years, if they are not sent to State prison for a felony, they drop dead in some saloon and are carried to the Potter's field.

As I pen these words, sorrow fills my heart. I recall the case of a young man, nineteen years of age, who came from a Christian home in this State. Both his parents are members of an evangelical church, and some of his brothers are active workers in the Sunday School and the young peoples' society. He is the black sheep of the family. He has served two terms in prison thus far. The secret of his unhappy downfall and blighted life is that for three years he has been a slave to the morphine and cocaine habit. When he was sixteen years of age it was his misfortune to meet a young woman who was a secret slave to these drugs. It was a sad day for him, for he has been going wrong ever since. Many prayers have been offered up to God for his salvation, and good men have labored with him, but his promises to reform are like the morning cloud that soon vanishes away. His mother, a good Christian woman, wrote a touching letter concerning her prodigal son. Her faith has been severely tested, but she loves her boy and will never give him up till he is saved. I believe her prayer will be answered. God's promises never fail.

CHAPTER XIII

WHEN IRA D. SANKEY THRILLED THE
OLD TOMBS

I have always had a special desire to have the great Evangelistic singer, Ira D. Sankey, sing for me in the Tombs. With this object in view I wrote to Mr. Sankey to give me a date. After a few days I received the following reply:

148 So. Oxford Street,
Brooklyn, N. Y.,
Nov. 21st, 1899.

REV. J. J. MUNRO,
Chaplain Gospel Mission
To the Tombs,

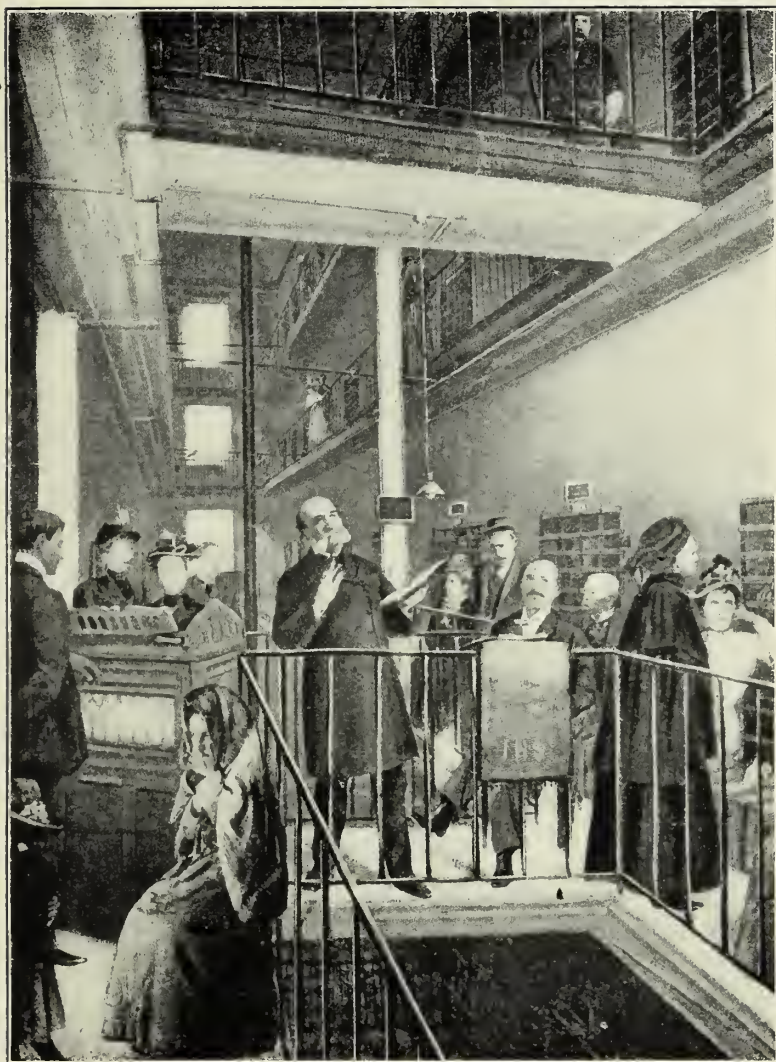
My Dear Brother :

Yours to hand, and in reply would say that all my Sabbaths are taken up for some time to come. Last Sabbath I was in three large churches in Poughkeepsie. Next Sunday I am in Jersey City, &c., &c., until away into January, 1900. I am very sorry, as I would enjoy a service in the Tombs. When I have a spare morning, by and by, I will try and remember your kind invitation, and come and speak and sing for the people.

I am going up to Northfield to-morrow, to see my old friend, Mr. Moody, who has had a close call to go home. I hope to find him much better.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) IRA D. SANKEY.

I heard nothing further from Mr. Sankey till a little more than a year afterwards. In December, 1900, I received a letter from Dr. Louis Klopsche of the Christian Herald. He informed me that if I desired he would secure for me the services of the great Singing Evangelist, Ira D. Sankey, the companion and co-worker of D. L. Moody, who would sing for me in the Tombs on the last Sabbath of the year. As I knew that this would



EVANGELIST IRA D. SANKEY

Assisting Chaplain Munro in a song service on Murderers'
Row in the Old Tombs.

be a most interesting occasion and might do an immense amount of good to the inmates of the old Tombs, I gratefully accepted Mr. Klopsche's offer. Mr. Sankey was then known as America's foremost Gospel singer, and it was well known everywhere that he had thrilled and inspired more people than any other person living. I knew also that the Tombs prisoners would be only too glad to hear him on this occasion.

Dr. Klopsche had two reasons for having Mr. Sankey come to the Tombs and sing. The first and foremost was that the inmates of this dark prison might hear the Gospel sung as never before and possibly be reached by the tender pathos of his songs; and second, that a picture of the scene might be taken and afterwards appear on the front page of the *Christian Herald*.

It was at the Indianapolis Convention of 1870, that Mr. Moody first met Mr. Sankey, the Gospel singer. Mr. Sankey was the Y. M. C. A. delegate from his native town of Newcastle, Pa. At one of the meetings he sang, "There is a fountain filled with blood," so well that Mr. Moody told him at a conversation they had together that he would have to give up his business and come and help him in Gospel labors. After attending a few meetings in Chicago with Moody he returned to Newcastle and told his family and friends that he had made up his mind to work in God's service with Mr. Moody. So in the City of Chicago, Ira D. Sankey began the work of singing men and women into heaven, a work which lasted thirty years. It was a great work and eternity alone will be able to tell the results.

At the proper time I notified all my workers of Mr. Sankey's coming so as to make the occasion a red-letter day in the history of the Gospel work in the Tombs. On the day appointed we all came together expecting a good time and we were not disappointed. The company consisted of several exhorters, a number of solo singers, also a cornetist and a violinist. We began our services in the Ten Day House about nine a. m., which was our custom. After spending about forty minutes here we

divided our workers, some going to the women's prison and others to the boys' prison. While I was in the women's prison word came to me that Mr. Sankey and party were in the front office and wished to see me. I went out and welcomed them and led the way to the second tier of the old prison, which was known as "murderers' row," where we held our services. As it had been noised abroad the day before several other visitors came to the Tombs that morning, to hear the famous Gospel singer. Seated around the desk on the ground floor was Commissioner Lantry and family, together with a number of reporters who were there as news gatherers for city papers.

Precisely at 10:30 a. m., I commenced the services by the singing of several inspiring songs, followed by scripture lesson and prayer. I then turned the meeting over into Mr. Sankey's hands. There were two hundred and fifty persons in the cells that morning, besides a number of visitors and workers.

Mr. Sankey took his seat at the organ and commenced by singing "Nearer My God To Thee." He threw a considerable amount of feeling into this hymn and at the close received a large amount of applause. Then he sang, "Throw Out the Life Line," in a clear voice that could be heard all over the building. This was followed by "Jesus Lover of My Soul," "Rock of Ages," and "Rescue the Perishing," at the close of which he was again roundly applauded. Then he sang a hymn in the Scotch dialect, entitled, "My Ain Country."

Here Mr. Sankey became reminiscent and said, "I want to sing you a Scotch hymn composed by an American woman. Now the dialect is perfect, and when I sang it many years ago in Scotland at the time when Mr. Moody and I were together, I was asked how an American woman could sing and write the dialect so perfectly. The reason is that soon after the death of her mother, when she was a mere child she had a Scotch nurse, and that accounted for her perfect knowledge of the dialect by this authoress. After I sang it in Glasgow," said

Mr. Sankey, "and indeed all over bonny Scotland, I had frequent requests to repeat it wherever we went. Now if there is any Scotchman here this morning who thinks the dialect of this hymn is not perfect let him speak out now or forever hold his peace." But there was not a Scot in any of the cells that day, and if there had been one he would have been so ashamed of himself that he would have made no reply. This was followed by a Gospel address in which he urged his hearers to come to Christ, and from henceforth live a Christian life. At this point a voice from one of the cells on murderers' row asked him to sing, "The Ninety and Nine," which he did in a feeling manner. When he came to the third verse there was a death stillness in the prison, and tears filled many eyes, while deep sighs could be heard on every side.

"But none of the ransomed ever knew

How deep were the waters crossed;

Or how dark was the night that the Lord passed through

E're he found the sheep that was lost.

Out in the desert he heard a cry,

Sick and wounded and ready to die."

In the midst of the singing of the "Ninety and Nine," the morning sunlight glinted in through the high arched iron-bound windows of the roof, and for a moment flashed along the corridor, and revealed several noted prisoners gazing intently through the bars at the scene in which Mr. Sankey was the principal character. Several hardened men sat on the edge of their beds as the tears glistened in their eyes. Even the stolid faces of the keepers used to all kinds of haranguing and tearful parting, seemed much affected by the scene.

On murderers' row that morning there were about twenty persons awaiting trial for homicide, including Dr. Kennedy, Albert T. Patrick, the lawyer, and John McDonald, the gambler. There were many others whose names I cannot now recall, but I well remember that they were all very attentive and listened to all that was said. Some looked through the grating of the cell door

eager to see Mr. Sankey and catch all that was said, while many of the prisoners sat in their cells with bowed heads and no doubt, troubled at heart. But the service that morning was a memorable one from start to finish.

For forty minutes Mr. Sankey spoke and sang to an unseen audience, all on the alert, that filled the four tiers of the old prison, that for two generations has been a landmark in the great city. He told a number of anecdotes of his labors in Scotland with D. L. Moody that were exceedingly interesting. A second call was made for the hymn, "Throw Out the Life Line." Then he prayed briefly for struggling humanity in the turbulent sea of life.

He told a touching story of a visit to a Scotch prison, which affected many of his auditors. Then he sang again. At this juncture the Christian Herald photographer took a flash-light of the scene. After this he again sang and prayed. Then the gong sounded, which announced the time to close the meeting. Before he started to leave the tier he turned again to the unseen audience and said, "Good bye, boys," and they answered by another round of applause, which assured him that his services were warmly appreciated.

This service in the old Tombs lasted about an hour and a half. It was something new to me, and might be called a "Red Letter Day" in my experience. I shall always remember the scene because of the various characters who were present to hear the famous Singing Evangelist that morning. That he sang well and greatly impressed his auditors cannot be denied. After the flash-light was taken, the benediction pronounced, the meeting closed, but the prisoners remained in their cells to think over what they had heard that day. But when eternity dawns and the shadows have forever fled away, it will be known then how many decided for Christ that morning.

CHAPTER XIV

SCENES IN THE CHAPEL OF THE
INCARCERATION

The average prison congregation, usually composed of persons of both sexes, huddled together in a small chapel, and charged with every crime on the calendar, is, to say the least, a most unique sight and one not often seen on the outside world. As soon as you begin to study the faces before you, you will see at a glance that many of them are only novices in crime with the presumption of innocence on their side. Many of the others, however, have seared faces and evil countenances, plainly showing the evidences of a sinful life. At any rate, in most cases the physiognomy is an infallible dial plate for indicating whether the life of the individual is advanced in crime or not.

Not only is it true in the physical and moral world "that whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," but it is likewise true that the fallen countenance is a powerful indication of the depraved condition of the inner life. If the face is as many say it is—the looking glass of the soul, then the cold and sullen looks which we have seen on men and women, who all their days have lived lives of crime, speak for themselves. As I look into the faces of these prisoners from time to time, many of whom have been guilty of cold-blooded murders, assaults, burglaries, highway robberies, noted swindlers and other atrocious crimes, I exclaim, "Who is sufficient for these things?" or in the language of the prophet, "Can these bones live?" Then I remember that the Gospel of Christ is a Gospel of love for dying men and the most hardened and depraved can be reached and reformed if they will.

I have frequently invited ministers of the Gospel to our Sunday prison services, and when I called upon them to speak they were almost spellbound. Indeed for the time being they had lost their utterance and seemed appalled at the sight before them. Possibly their minds were flooded with a train of suggestions of what they themselves might have been had it not been for the power of Almighty God, who protected and saved them from evil influences.

When the "old Tombs" Prison was standing, it was my custom to preach every Sunday morning to an unseen audience; they could not see me, nor could I see them. But they could hear all that was said, and when they expressed a desire to reform they simply put their hands through the grating of the cell door.

A friend of mine, a city minister, told me some time ago of an experience he had in a Western prison where his father-in-law was chaplain. It is customary in all such places, when visiting clergymen come that way and are present on Sunday morning, to ask some of them to preach to the prisoners. On the Sunday in question when my friend was present, there was a clergyman on the platform who came prepared to fire a broadside into the serried ranks of the men in stripes. In introducing the speaker for the day, the chaplain said: "My friends, the Rev. Dr. Blank will speak to you this morning. I do not know what he is going to say, but I hope he will not speak about the Prodigal Son, as the last five visiting preachers have pretty thoroughly discussed the unhappy experience of the young man in the far country." Unfortunately, ministers look upon the average prisoner as a prodigal, and, whenever they have an opportunity to speak from the prison chapel platform, the story of the prodigal is usually dwelt on. But there are others present besides prodigals; men of intelligent and cultured minds, who are ready to reason with you on the doctrines and duties of the Christian life. They have been sorely tempted and are now fallen, but are ready to receive your message of salvation and hopeful

encouragement, if it comes from an earnest heart full of the love of God.

As is well known, chapel attendance in a large prison is entirely voluntary. The prisoner may come and hear the Gospel or stay in his cell on Sunday morning, just as he pleases. In Sing Sing Prison some years ago, they adopted a novel plan whereby all the inmates should attend church. During the week the prisoners eat in the large dining hall, but on Sunday as they return from church, each one receives his rations for the day, which he carries to his cell in his hand, where he eats it alone. The man, therefore, who does not attend church gets no dinner, as there is no other opportunity for passing food that day but at this time. The result is that everybody attends the Protestant and Catholic services.

Prisoners as a rule are very sensitive, and are ever ready to resent any intrusion upon their rights and liberties, even in prison. We knew the case of a high church preacher, who tried to introduce ritualistic genuflections into a mixed Protestant audience of prisoners. This was all right as far as it went, but when he scolded them for not kneeling during the reading of certain prayers, they resented it as an intrusion on their rights. Then after the manner of Jennie Geddes of two hundred and fifty years ago, they hurled a few Prayer Books at his head. It is said that a Sing Sing chaplain, who had been in the habit of reporting the petty delinquencies of the inmates of that institution, met with a severe rebuke at the chapel service. As soon as the men found out what he had been doing, they refused any longer to listen to him.

You ask how did they do it? The next Sunday morning after he was through with the preliminary services and as soon as he had given out his text and was about to preach, they made such a racket with their feet on the chapel floor that nobody could hear a word of what he said. The result was that that man could never preach to these prisoners after that time. Of course, they could not be detected in what they were doing and therefore

could not be punished. The prisoners were willing to listen to other ministers from the outside, but not to him. A stool pigeon preacher is detested by this class.

Another experience took place when Dr. R. was chaplain of one of our State prisons. It seems that during the winter a car of potatoes was sent to the prison from the Newburgh grocery store. But for some unknown reason when they reached Sing Sing they were all frozen. Everybody knew this, but nothing could be done except to dump the potatoes into the river. As a result the men had no potatoes with their meals for about four weeks, and had to eat rice instead. The men were sore on the Warden for allowing the grocery store to cheat them out of their rights, and the way they resented the wrong was when Chaplain R. prayed for the Warden as is always customary on Sunday morning, the prisoners with bowed heads responded with a deep irreverent groan of dissent until the chaplain was compelled to "cut the Warden out of his prayers."

From my own experience I can truthfully say that the preaching of the simple Gospel without a trace of sensationalism brings the very best results. As the preacher looks into such an audience, he can readily see that the great majority are in trouble. Some of them are pale and worried and look greatly discouraged. They need a Gospel in which the love of God will seem to them real, a Gospel of hope, good cheer, Christian courage and sympathy. Any one that comes to prisoners with such a message will not lack for attentive listeners and will be always welcomed.

I can recall just now the case of a young man, a veteran of the Spanish War, whom I became greatly interested in a few years ago. I made myself familiar with his troubles. I saw where he had made the great mistake of his life. And although I made no allusion to his case in my sermon, I kept him in mind to the end. As I went on I saw that he was worried about something. At the close of the services I went up to him and asked him then and there to tell me what was the matter. After

some delay he informed me of his secret and I was able to give him practical aid so that he was again restored to his friends. I mention this to show that a judge of human nature is often able to read the trouble in the face of the prisoner and furnish the remedy or remove the obstacle.

It is always best to be fully prepared to deliver the message of salvation to the prisoners extemporaneously and without any affectation, in the simplest and most direct Anglo-Saxon, as the men behind the bars are quick to see whether you mean what you say or not. If the preacher comes with a tender, loving message, he can rest assured it will be welcomed, as there are many in his audience whose hearts have been softened by the trials through which they have recently passed, and are in a measure ready for the Gospel.

Sometimes during a service in prison the tears begin to flow and for fifteen to twenty minutes you can hear nothing but sobs through the entire service. I have known women to become hysterical on such occasions and to be carried out of the room.

In the old Tombs I was not always able to look my auditors in the face on account of the situation of the cells. But I urged upon them a decision of character, and usually told how it could be brought about. Speculative theology may suit a city congregation, but men in prison need a practical, helpful Gospel. Everything else is a waste of time.

I can recall the case of a colored man who was sentenced to imprisonment for life and who was waiting deportation to Sing Sing. He was locked up in a cell on the southeast of the old prison, in the hall. Two singers came from Brooklyn to help me. They were good singers and had lusty voices. They were singing a hymn descriptive of the New Jerusalem, the chorus of which ran, "I want to go there, don't you?" The colored man in his cell a few doors away was meditating over his long sentence and as they sang, "I want to go there, don't you?" he picked up a piece of a tin can and began

to hack away at his throat, till he was covered with blood. There was a great scurrying to and fro in the hall. When Dr. Brown came to sew the wound he said to him, "Doctor, 'I want to go there, don't you?'" He was afterwards taken to Sing Sing and finally to the insane asylum for criminals. For a long time my friends, the singers, refused to chant the hymn, "I want to go there, don't you?"

I remember the case of a land speculator from Texas, who led a wild life for some years, but was finally convicted of a crime and sent to Sing Sing. One Sunday afternoon, as my custom had been to go around to see if any one had been convicted of sin, when I came to his cell I asked him how he stood; he replied, "I have decided to live a new life." I asked, when? He replied, "When I put my hand through the bars." He took to Bible reading and soon after had a clear Christian experience.

One of my best listeners in the old prison was a lawyer of this city, a defaulter who fled across the Pacific, but was arrested ten thousand miles from home and brought back. I labored with him a good deal, but he positively refused to make an unconditional surrender or express true sorrow for his past life. One Sunday morning, after being in prison many weeks, he sent me a note, asking the choir to sing, "I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord." I knew then that he had reached a decision after a long struggle. I went to his cell after the service and found him in tears. He had broken down completely and could only hang his head and sob.

Another man I remember was in prison for passing worthless checks. He was a graduate of a Western college, and in intelligence was far ahead of the average prisoner. As he had spent several years attending an institution of learning where almost every winter they witness a revival of religion among the students, I asked him why he had not decided to be an honest and pure man during his college life. He replied, "During my college course I passed through several revivals. I did

not decide for Christ because I thought then that the business I had in mind would not 'mix' with evangelical religion."

No matter where it is preached, the Gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believes, whether in prison or out of it.

CHAPTER XV

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR

The following account shows the fulness of free and saving grace in the Salvation of a hardened sinner, whose name I shall not mention, who during ten long years of prison life tried very hard to change the bent of his heart, but failed. He frequently turned over a new leaf, made resolutions, and promises without number, but all to no avail. But when he came to Jesus repudiating his own strength and morality, and falling prostrate at His feet as a poor lost and undone sinner, he found grace to help him in the hour of need and was transformed. This is briefly the story of his life.

"When I had passed my sixteenth birthday I became very restless of home restraints and told my mother that I would like to remove to the city and see the world. Of course my dear mother knew better; she did not wish me to go to the city without friends to care for me or admonish me when I had done wrong. She asked, what could a lonely young man of my age do in a great city like New York, with so many swift currents of temptations to carry one off his feet, with evil companions, whose name is legion, and the cold comfort of a boarding house rather than the sanctifying influence of a Christian home? But my mother was right, she could see much farther than I, but as my father had been unsuccessful in business matters and our family had become somewhat reduced in circumstances, I thought I could do a little toward repairing our family losses and putting it on a better financial basis.

"When the time came for me to leave home all of the family became reconciled to the change except my mother. She could not see the way clear to give her con-



A New Jersey Newsboy Assists the Judges

International Film Service, Inc.

sent. She had prayed much over it, but the answer that came to her did not satisfy her. But I was determined to leave home, no matter who stood in the way, and I thought the sooner I was in the city the better.

"It was the fall of the year, and the recent rains had only added fresh beauty to nature. In the neighborhood where we lived the boarding houses had closed for the season, the leaves had begun to turn and the woods became enchanting with the golden foliage.

"When I came to bid my mother goodbye I found she had been in tears. As I looked into her gentle face I saw that her eyes were red and concluded that she had not slept much during the night. She must have wept and prayed alternately, for I saw her pillow was wet with tears. I bade them all good bye at night and slipped away in the early morning with brother George, who carried my satchel to the landing on the Hudson River, where I intended to take the boat for New York. I had not slept in two nights because of the pathetic experiences through which I passed and as I waited for the boat on the landing I would gladly have turned back, and stayed on the farm the rest of my life, but I was ashamed to face my mother again after all the experience of the past few days. I had reached the city toward evening and found a boarding house near West Street, overlooking the North River. I had promised mother that I would write her that night, but the dingy surroundings of my new boarding house drove letter writing out of my head. I did write her a few days afterwards, but that was the last letter she had received from me for many a long day.

"In a few days I found employment, but in the shop where I was at work I made companions of some vile young men, in whose company I spent my evenings, when not employed. It was bad for me that I ever met them, for I often drank and caroused with them till the early morning. After a few months I felt I was on the 'down grade,' but what could I do since I was in the hands of my friends! My mother had often warned me

about evil company, but I disregarded her advice and was now sowing my wild oats and going headlong to the devil! It is needless to say I became so dissipated that I lost my job. After a few weeks I was turned out of the boarding house when my money gave out and then I had to walk the streets as a homeless man. I finally became a helpless drunkard. I loved 'booze' better than life, indeed I had now acquired an unquenchable appetite for rum that burned me up. I was sent to prison several times, but the jail did not cure me of my habits. For five years I led a wild life, going from bad to worse. My drinking habits had almost ruined me and left me a moral and physical wreck. During this time I made many resolutions to do better, but they were simply 'hot air' promises. Oh what trials and sufferings I passed through during those years of crime and 'booze.' I wished my life might be better, but I refused to turn away from sin. Often after a wild debauch I threatened to throw myself into the North River, but I was afraid. I knew I was not ready. In fact I was afraid to meet my God as I was a vile sinner who had made many promises to do better, but refused to repent of my sins.

"Soon after this I became desperate and took part in a burglary, which landed me in prison. I now came to see the effect of vile companions on my life. But now I was determined to do better. The few weeks' imprisonment had sobered me considerably. I made up my mind to take the medicine that was coming to me and live a better life by God's help. When my case was called in General Sessions, I was without funds and thought it best to take a plea rather than go to trial. Before sentence was passed I spoke up and said: 'Judge, permit me to say that although I have pleaded guilty to this crime of burglary, I am entirely innocent of the charge. But as I have a black criminal record extending over many years, nobody will believe me when I say otherwise. I have made up my mind to plead to this indictment and throw myself on the mercy of the Court.'

"He gave me some advice and then sentenced me to

five years in State Prison. These were long years, but they gave me time to think over my misspent life, which was a failure from beginning to end. After I had reached State Prison I began to see things in a new light. In the cell assigned to me, I found an old Bible covered with dust. I had not troubled Bibles or churches in ten years, or since I lived on the old farm. But the old teaching which I had received at my mother's knee came back to me and I began to love the Bible, and through it I believe I became a Christian man.

"When my time had expired and the prison gate closed behind me I started for the old homestead back in the country. It was now nearly fifteen years since I first left home and I was anxious to see mother. I was considerably changed from the boyish looks which I had when I first bade them good bye before coming to New York. Very few persons knew me now. When I had reached the old farm I found that my mother had been dead three years and the family scattered, most of them having married and moved West. I felt that I had killed my mother by the life that I had lived. I went out to the cemetery on the hillside and saw where she was buried and fell upon the grave and wept, till several of the neighbors came and besought me to desist.

"But I knew that my disgraceful conduct had shortened her days and drove my family in shame out of the community. I loved the ways of the sinner, and followed the devices and desires of the devil for many years. I went into sin for a moment's sensual indulgence, a night's exhilaration at the wine cup with drunkards, and for a passing hour at the gaming table I sacrificed nearly fifteen long years of my young manhood in sin. The vile embrace of the harlot whose painted cheeks refuse to blush was for years my ideal life. I was madly in love with sin, I wallowed in it like the sow wallowing in the mire, and the hellish ways of the wicked controlled my life. When I came to myself I found I was deserted and in prison 'doing time like a felon.' I would have liked at that time to have gone to

a mission and gotten comfort, but I was in prison with no friend in the world to help me but the Lord Jesus Christ. In my distress I called upon Him and he took me out of the miry clay and set my feet on the rock and I became a saved man. And I now give God the glory for it."

CHAPTER XVI

THE CONVERSION OF THE PHILIPPIAN JAILOR

As far as is known, Paul's first experience in a Roman prison took place in the city of Philippi, a place made famous by Philip, the father of Alexander the Great. Originally it was called the place of Fountains, and used as a garrison town to protect his possessions from the Thracian mountaineers. After the battle of Philippi, which took place forty-two years before Christ, Augustus, the Emperor, conferred upon this city the privileges of a Colony. To this city came, in the year 52 A. D., the great Apostle Paul, and his companion in labors, Silas. They did not know what awaited them in this wicked place, but they afterwards learned that God's trials are not always unmixed blessings. It was in this city that they received for the first time the cruel and inhuman treatment of the Roman lash, which was a sample of pagan opposition to the Gospel. But they met this trial in the strength of the Lord and became victors.

The story of the conversion of the Philippian jailor has always been one of intense interest to the man behind the bars. It is so real and life-like that it strikes him at once as a true narrative, and it has been used with great effect in many of our prisons in leading multitudes to Christ. And no other part of the New Testament is so familiar to the inmates of our prisons as Acts xvi:25-40; and none read more frequently.

Thus far the apostolic laborers had met with little opposition in preaching the Gospel, but the conversion of a half-demented woman, under the power of the wicked one, who was also a sort of spiritualistic medium and very profitable to her masters, who is said to have brought them much gain by soothsaying. This woman's

conversion seemed to have awoke all hell and brought vengeance on the heads of the Apostles. When her owners saw that the woman had become transformed by the Gospel of Christ and could no longer be used for their selfish and immoral ends, they forthwith started a riot for the purpose of wreaking revenge upon Paul and Silas. After their arrest they were taken before the magistrates. By this time the riot act had been read and the city was in an uproar and in the hands of a howling mob. No doubt the magistrates lost their heads in the excitement and seem not to have had any intelligent idea of what the Apostles had done, but as a precaution, ordered that they should be treated to the Roman lash. How many lashes they had received from the lictors we have no means of knowing, but judging from the condition of Paul and Silas, their treatment was inhuman. The punishment was inflicted with such haste and passion that there was no room for any reasonable protest, nor time to inform their persecutors that Paul was a Roman citizen and it was criminal to have treated him as they had done, without having given him a fair trial. After this hard experience—faint and bleeding from the Roman lash they were thrown into prison. The jailor was ordered to keep them safely, and thinking that his charges were dangerous criminals, thrust them into the inner prison, and made their feet fast in the stocks. In writing to the Philippians in after years, Paul may have had this experience in mind when he said, "I have learned, in whatever state I am therewith to be content." During the next few hours while in the stocks, thoughts of their Master's sufferings on the cross went trooping through their minds; and they were truly thankful to God that they were permitted to suffer for His Name's sake.

But only the Lord Jesus Christ could give them the feeling of contentment they possessed that night, for with their backs raw and bleeding from the Roman scourge, they were still exceedingly happy. Nor were they idle, for we are told, "they prayed and sang praises

to God and the prisoners heard them." What they sang on that memorable occasion we do not know, but the Psalms of David have always been dear to those passing through suffering. All through the ages before and since the coming of Christ, men and women have been greatly blessed in singing these inspired songs of Zion. Possibly in the calm of that evening when alone by themselves with the excitement and tumult of the day passed, they may have prayed that even then God might snatch victory out of defeat by giving them souls for their hire. And we are sure that the Apostle knew well that many of the hardened inmates of that loathsome dungeon were ready for the Gospel. Suddenly and unexpectedly an earthquake shook the prison from center to circumference. It was evidently of a supernatural character, for everyone's bonds were made loose. The jailor, awakening out of sleep like one in a dream, and not knowing really what had taken place, was about to take his life, when Paul with a loud voice, stopped him from committing the rash act. "Do thyself no harm," said the Apostle, "for we are all here." Then he called for a torch and sprang in and came trembling with those burning and memorable words on his lips: "What must I do to be saved?" And Paul immediately answered, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." O, what comforting words are these to the weary and heavy laden of this sin-cursed earth! Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ! These words are indeed comforting to "the down and outs" in prison and those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death.

That was the greatest night in the jailor's history; old things indeed had passed away and all things became new. He became a redeemed man, born of God and changed by His grace. The Roman jailor put his trust in the Lord Jesus, and was saved to live a new life. I care not what his beliefs or unbeliefs were before this time, whether he was a pantheist or a polytheist; nor whether he belonged to the great "nothinarian denomination" that lives outside the pale of redeeming love.

He became a new man that night. But the religion of Christ is the best thing in the world for the man or woman in bonds or imprisonment. It gives comfort as nothing else can, it cheers the downcast, it lightens up the sky of the wanderer and gives new hope; it grips us to God Almighty who from henceforth becomes a very present help in every hour of trouble. But the religion of Christ came not to him alone, but also to his family. For they too, also believed and were baptised, and from henceforth belonged to the household of faith. How many of the others in that jail believed in Christ that night, God only knows; but we cannot be far wrong in believing that some other conversions took place that night, which led to permanent results. And so the jailor became the forerunner of a glorious company, who through grace will yet come up out of dungeons, who had suffered great tribulations, having washed their garments and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb.

Since that night thousands upon thousands have called upon the Lord Jesus from a prison cell and have been heard, and delivered from the bondage of sin and death.

Not only is it true that multitudes under conviction of sin have sought the Lord in prison and found him. How many offenders against law when they first came to the Tombs have dropped on their knees and called on God for mercy and found it. Perhaps the number never will be known. But is not our Heavenly Father a very present help in every time of trouble? And does he not say: "Call on me in the day of trouble and I will deliver you." And in the great day it will be found that thousands will date their conversion from a prison cell. For when they called upon God in the hour of trial He was found of them and delivered them from their greatest enemy—the devil.

O friends, preach the Gospel in the prisons of the land. Tell the incarcerated everywhere that Jesus is mighty to save! That He is able and willing to save now, and that He can save to the uttermost all that come unto God through Him! The church should carry the

Gospel to the prisoners, and it should be given freely without money and without price.

“Down in the human heart crushed by the tempter
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore.
Touched by a loving hand, wakened by kindness,
Cords that were broken will vibrate once more.”

CHAPTER XVII

PAUL'S LAST DAYS IN THE MAMERTINE PRISON

That Paul spent the closing days of his life in prison cannot be denied. Any one that reads Paul's second letter to Timothy and the fourth chapter will have no disturbing doubts on the subject. But church history also throws some rays of light on the subject. It should also be borne in mind that this was Paul's second imprisonment in Rome.

Within recent years the opinion has gained ground that after the Apostle had been two years and over in his own hired house in the City of Rome, he was discharged from custody, as the Jews, for fear of getting into trouble, refused to come to the city and back up their accusations against him. They knew well that there was nothing whatever in the flippant charges made against the Apostle, for as soon as the case was called in the Imperial Court, the procurator would recommend that they be thrown out. The supposition is that the case against Paul after many delays was called in Court and as no one was found to prosecute, it was taken from the calendar and the prisoner discharged. The date of the Apostle's release from prison is said to be 63 A. D. Paul saw then that there was a storm brewing which would shake the city morally and socially, and wisdom urged him to leave it as soon as possible. After attending to several minor matters and giving advice to the church leaders, Paul took leave and went to Nicomedia in Macedonia. In the estimation of the Roman authorities he was a marked man and must be far away from the Tiber when the storm broke. And no doubt the growing church in the imperial city indorsed his policy of seclusion at this time.



International Film Service, Inc
HON. JAMES M. CARTER
Superintendent of Prisons, New York.



COL. CHARLES R. RAY
For many years a volunteer worker at the Tombs.

It must be said with all candor that Paul was in no sense a meteoric Christian. He had labored as a missionary of the cross and as an earnest preacher of the Gospel for nearly thirty years, and the church knew him as a man of sterling character and holy zeal.

We have now substantial evidence for believing that Paul was put to death under Nero in the year 65 or 66 A. D. And this has been the opinion of the church for many centuries.

After his arrest in Jerusalem (Acts 21:33), he was taken to Cæsarea, where he had a hearing before Felix, the Governor. For many months Felix seems to have used all sorts of dilatory tactics to keep Paul imprisoned, as he thought that the church of the Nazarene was rich and could buy his liberty. He gave him a hearing and conversed with him frequently, but as Paul refused to give money he left him bound in prison for more than two whole years. When Festus came to the province, Paul had another hearing, but as the Jews wished him to go to Jerusalem to be tried, he refused and appealed to Cæsar. In due season Paul started for imperial Rome and reached the city in the spring of 61 A. D. We know how long he spent here for the closing chapter of the Acts says that he spent two whole years in his own hired house. It is more than likely that after his discharge from prison he journeyed eastward, visiting the churches he had founded during his early missionary labors. During the four years of his imprisonment, two in Cæsarea and two in Rome, he had the care of all the churches on his heart, but ministered to them only by epistles, but now that he was free he desired to visit them personally.

After leaving the city nothing is known definitely of his movements, except what we may glean from the pastoral epistles. In I Timothy 1:3, we learn that after leaving Rome he visited Ephesus and had Timothy stay there while he went into Macedonia. In Titus 1:5, we are informed that he visited Crete, and in the third chapter and twelfth verse he bids Titus to come to him with all speed to Nicopolis, for there he determined to winter.

Some scholars seem to think that he must have visited Miletus, Troas and the principal cities of Macedonia about this time. But his movements except as far as we have mentioned, are a matter of conjecture. In the summer of 64 A. D., Nero, who had figured in all kinds of games and theatricals, and had wasted the treasures of the nation in foolishness, set fire to Rome, and laid the blame on the Christians. This was the beginning of a reign of terror in the city. From henceforth Christians were persecuted unto death, and slain by hundreds. A decree was issued by Nero and sent to all the provinces that all persons who were suspected of being Christians should be arrested and taken to Rome, where they would be put to death. So multitudes of Christians perished without even the semblance of a trial. It is inconceivable that a bold leader such as Paul was, could escape the vengeance of Nero. Paul was accordingly arrested and taken in chains to Rome.

After Paul's arrival in the city, he was committed to the Mamertine Prison, charged with being a leader among the Christians, and possibly as one of those that "fired" the city. This was a serious charge and it kept him in close confinement.

That large numbers of Christians had by this time left Rome on account of the wholesale arrests, was true, believing that prudence was now the better part of valor, till the "storm" had blown over, when they again would return to Rome.

In II Timothy 4:10, Paul says, "Demas hath forsaken me . . . Crescens to Galatia, Titus unto Dalmatia. Only Luke is with me." At his first examination before the Emperor, no person made an appearance in his defense, but though all forsook him and fled, the Lord stood by him and strengthened him for the ordeal through which he then passed. In closing the second epistle to Timothy he urges him to come with all speed before winter. Thinking possibly that no further action would be taken on his case before spring, but life was too uncertain at that time to look for more than a day

at a time. Soon after this the mandate went forth calling the beloved Apostle to a higher Court, where his case would be adjudicated in the light of eternity, and where the Master would place upon his brow the Martyr's crown. Shortly after this Paul was visited in the early morning by an officer of the guard, led out to the site of the Three Fountains, where he was put to death and in this way passed from earth to Heaven. It is needless to say that the Mamertine Prison no longer exists. But from a very early date, Christians venerated the place where Paul spent his last days upon earth, and built over it is a small chapel, retaining as much of the old prison as was possible. Some years ago, being desirous of securing a photograph of the place where Paul spent his last days upon earth, I wrote to Dr. Burt of the Methodist Mission and secured one, that appeared afterwards in the Christian Herald.

Any one who visits Rome and desires to see this underground dungeon, which is all that remains of the Mamertine Prison, follows the Roman sacristan with torch in hand. He will lead the way through a deep defile of stairs. The first landing is called the dungeon of Ancus, where is a cave. In the center of the room is a large round stone with an aperture, covered by an iron grating. It was through this stone that the bodies of prisoners were passed to the dungeon below, where thousands were confined till death came to their rescue. You still follow your guide down through a spiral staircase till you come to the place where tradition says Paul spent his last days. Originally this part of the Mamertine Prison was barrel-shaped and looked more like a den of horrors that might possibly take the shine out of the Black Hole of Calcutta. When a Numedian chieftain was thrust in here he cried out, "O Hercules, how cold the bath is!" It was said that those consigned to this place never came out alive. But Paul being a Roman citizen, they were compelled to accord him his rights. It was in this dungeon that he wrote his last letter to Timothy, in which he showed a marvelous faith

and a truly Christian optimism, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord righteous Judge will give me in that day." If the stones of what remains of his prison could only speak, what a tale they could tell of Christian heroism and suffering for Jesus in those dark days of the early Christian era.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE PRISON MISSIONARIES

Since the opening of the Tombs in the year 1838, scores of men and women have devoted part of their lives to the moral and social up-lift of the prisoners. Few persons are aware of the fact that missionary work in prison is exceedingly difficult and depressing, and requires a strong will and much self denial to overcome the many obstacles that stand in the way.

On the other hand there is a fascination about prison work that is sure to draw cranks of every variety to a place like the Tombs. I have known a great many missionaries and humanitarians to visit the city prison and after a brief period become disgusted, and then disappear as if the earth had opened and swallowed them out of sight. Morbidly inclined people during some excitement rush to the Tombs under the impression that they have a special mission to perform that can be done by nobody else.

That it is a most trying work nobody will deny, for no matter how much time or self-denial you give to this class, few of them will show the slightest appreciation.

I remember the first visit I ever paid to the Tombs Prison. It was the summer of 1874 or '75, as near as I can remember. The old Tombs was then known as the City Prison and was frequently crowded to the doors.

The Rev. John Bedker was the Protestant Chaplain; he was a Presbyterian minister, but represented all denominations through the City Mission, which appointed him. How long he had labored here I have not been able to learn, but he was a good servant of Christ. The Rev. Mr. Bedker died in 1880, and was succeeded by the Rev. Sidney G. Law, who worked here nearly eighteen

years. In 1897, the writer, coming from a country pastorate, began work in the Tombs as missionary and met with considerable success. Indeed there is no harder place to put a Christian minister to labor than the Tombs. The very air seems to be impregnated with evil and if you try to do any work for your Lord, and Master certain evil men will watch you and endeavor to undo the good you have done. This has occurred many times. I have known prison keepers who were good hearted men, but I have known others who were so depraved that they would destroy Bibles, tracts and Christian motto cards.

During the six years' incumbency of John E. Van De Carr, who was one of the very best wardens the Tombs has ever had, all denominations were given their rights and encouraged in their work among the unfortunates.

Many of the people who visit the Tombs as missionaries are women. They are not sent there as the representatives of any particular denomination, but come as self-appointed messengers of mercy. Many of this class are nervous, excitable women, some of them bordering on hysteria. They have the very best of motives, doubtless, but lack judgment. They come to the Tombs to "convert" people by the whole-sale. They forget, of course, that this is the work of the Almighty. But the most regrettable thing is that they are extremely intolerant of the methods and views of others.

Roland B. Molineux, Dr. Kennedy, Albert T. Patrick and Harry K. Thaw had a hard time with some of these "Angels of the Tombs" until they "sat down" upon the intruders. Each one felt she had a mission to perform and came in person to fulfill it. After a few weeks these men were compelled to put up curtains over the cell door during visiting hours so as to be freed from all such annoyances.

These people usually come to the prison on Tuesdays and Fridays and turn into every cell as they pass along some kind of reading matter, such as scientific reports,

religious papers—some of them several years old, and pamphlets of every description and varied in character. Prisoners are very sensitive no matter what their faults are, and like to be approached kindly. Many of them can only be reached by Christian tact. It seems almost useless to throw a lot of brimstone literature into their cells, and they are quick at resenting such actions, even when done with the best of motives. Bowery Dick, the King of Panhandlers, received a tract on the "Sin of Being Rich," while Cripple Joe, who lost a leg stealing rides on freight cars, received one on the "Sin of Dancing." With such lack of judgment the best results cannot always be obtained.

A good deal of the trouble that these nervous women run up against, would be avoided if they were to take advice from older and more experienced workers, but this they positively refuse to do, posing as they always do with an air of, "We know it all already."

They secure a pass from the department through a recommendation from some minister of the Gospel and after they are armed with this missive they snap their fingers in the face of everybody.

Jeremiah, The Prophet's Successor

Old Mr. Flowergarden had been coming to the Tombs for ten or fifteen years at intervals; he belonged to no church or society, but was a self-appointed missionary. He was a good man, but rather peculiar, had a thin, squeaky voice, was very deaf and would feel offended unless he had an opportunity to exhort the inmates of "Bummers' Hall." I can well remember this gentleman coming to me on a Sunday morning while I was preaching on Murderers' Row in the old Prison. I was in the middle of my sermon when he rushed in out of breath and handed me a note. I did not know what to make of it. I did not stop my sermon; I went on reading the note and speaking at the same time. I had trained

myself to meet every kind of hindrance and was ready for every emergency on this tier.

The note read as follows:

CHAPLAIN MUNRO:

I wish to inform you, that the Lord sent me this morning with a message to the prisoners as he sent Jeremiah, the Prophet, and I demand of you permission to preach in his name.

I put his note in my pocket and went on and finished my discourse, believing up to the present time, that the Lord had not sent him. When I got through I asked him to pray, which he willingly did. He told me afterwards that although I refused to allow him to present his message, he was able to get it in on his prayer and was thankful.

Women Missionaries

When a woman devotes her time to mission work in prison and makes a success of it she is usually called "An Angel." As a rule the prison angels are more given to social than spiritual work. All over the land there are gifted ladies who devote their time and means toward lifting up the down-and-outs in prison, whom the Master will doubtless reward in the great day. The most noted of modern prison angels perhaps was Mrs. John A. Foster. She began her work in the Tombs Prison in the early eighties, and for twenty years did a vast amount of good as a social worker among the unfortunate and their families. One of the most celebrated cases of the time, that brought Mrs. Foster's name prominently before the public, was the trial and conviction of Maria Barberi, for the murder of Dominico Catalonia, in July, 1895. Miss Barberi was a woman of considerable intelligence. She had been greatly wronged by her lover, who refused to marry her. While suffering mental agony, brought on by remorse of conscience when she saw herself ruined and disgraced as she then was, she killed Catalonia.

While she lay for many months in the Tombs Prison, Mrs. Foster took a deep interest in the case of this Italian woman and aided her in every way possible. During her trial in the Criminal Court Building, Mrs. Foster stood by her side as her best friend. The jury found her guilty. On the day she was sentenced to the electric chair, she swooned when brought to the bar. As she lay in the arms of Mrs. Foster the Recorder passed sentence of death on her. The same day she was taken to the State Prison. Being in a state of nervous collapse, Mrs. Foster accompanied her to Sing Sing and was locked in the same cell with her from 5:30 p. m. until 8:00 next morning. That was a sad and dreary night to Mrs. Foster and seemed long enough to be a year. In that cell, Maria Barberi, utterly exhausted, slept and moaned alternately all night, oblivious of her dismal surroundings. During those fifteen hours, the only sounds that could be heard were the tramp, tramp, tramp of the keepers and guards as they patrolled the yards and corridors of the great prison.

In the morning Miss Barberi was so far recovered that she could be left alone and Mrs. Foster returned to New York.

After that night, prison life was no longer a theory to the Tombs Angel, but a stern reality.

Mrs. Foster could enter into the fullest sympathy with such people and give them encouragement. The following year the Court of Appeals granted Miss Barberi a new trial and she was in the end acquitted and is said to be living in this city at present.

Often times people living at a distance write to the authorities asking that something be done to save heinous offenders who are not entitled to any sympathy whatever. And many times young ladies of apparent good breeding and respectability came to the Tombs and asked to see old crooks whose picture they had perhaps seen in the morning papers. We might name scores of men charged with homicide who had hundreds

of fair callers who came out of mere curiosity to see them.

William Spencer, a negro, was in the Tombs, charged with the murder of Officer McFarland. He has since paid the law's penalty. The story of his crime had evidently found its way into every city and hamlet in the land, for letters from morbidly inclined people came to him every week from all parts of the Union. Here is a sample of a letter sent to the Tombs warden:

Will you please give a Bible to William Spencer, also get a minister to talk to him? Won't you please see that a Christian worker talks to every prisoner now, and to all who come under your charge in the future? This may be a little thing for you to do, but it may be the means of doing others good. Perhaps you have influence over them yourself. You might arrange with some religious organization to hold services every Sunday.

Please hand the following note to William Spencer, the murderer. If he is not in your charge, send it to him; if Spencer cannot read it, see that it is read to him, and after he is through with it see that it is passed to the rest of the prisoners. Especially, see that the ones who are to die soon have it read to them.

(Signed) "ONE INTERESTED IN SOULS."

The letter is as follows:

WILLIAM SPENCER:

Get right with God. Pray to him continually to forgive you—if you have any unforgiven sin. Make your peace now, so that you may spend eternity in peace. Perhaps you have some loved one who is waiting for you. I will pray for you.

Then follows about a dozen passages of Scripture. "As you value your soul do not neglect this."

As Spencer had gone to the Death House in Sing Sing, Warden Van De Car gave me the letter, which I have now in my possession, and as no letters are allowed in the Death House, Spencer has been deprived of this anonymous epistle.

CHAPTER XIX

WHAT I FOUND ON THE FLY-LEAF OF A
TOMBS BIBLE

Some years ago in looking over a number of old Bibles in the Tombs Prison, many of them having been mutilated by religionists who refuse to allow their people to read the Word of God for some unknown reason, I found the fly-leaf of one book all written over. There was nothing remarkable about this, but there was something about this book that showed that it had been carefully fingered by some prisoner. The one into whose hands the book had fallen was a Christian man. He had made a very careful study of it, and possibly wept and prayed over it. Here is a copy of what I found on the fly-leaf of the Bible.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN :

Please pray for me, for I am an innocent man; I am in prison for something I did not do. I am punished without cause. Please everybody pray for me.

Yours, &c.,

BURLEY MAYS.

I found after careful investigation that Mays had written on the Bible in desperation and after much prayer, thinking it might fall into the hands of some good Samaritan. But it was nine months or even longer before I discovered it, and then only by the merest accident. After careful inquiries I learned that Mays had been tried and sentenced to imprisonment in Sing Sing Prison for a crime he had not committed.

It seems that Mays who was a colored man was charged with the committal of an assault, alleged to have taken place during the negro riots in New York some months before. I further learned that Mays' business compelled him to work in the night and sleep in

the day. When the riots took place in the neighborhood of West One Hundred and Fortieth Street, Mays was asleep in bed. But the police searched the houses in the side streets near to where Mays lived and arrested him while in bed. Two members of the Street Cleaning Department readily identified him, saying that he looked like the fellow they saw throwing a brick at the head of a policeman and on their testimony he was convicted and sent to prison. Although Mays' colored boarding house keeper swore that he was in bed all day of the riots, her testimony did not save him. I visited Mays' old address on West One Hundred and Fortieth Street and examined a number of people and they agreed with what Mays said. I also visited Sing Sing and had a personal interview with Mays, and after I put all my facts together, I came to the conclusion that Mays was the innocent victim of police revenge.

When we think of the number of persons at various times during the Christian ages who suffered imprisonment unjustly, we are amazed. And yet in modern times hundreds of people are liable at any time to be the victims of injustice.

How careful people ought to be in swearing to one's identification. And how easy it is to make a mistake. In all my conversations with this colored man I could see that he had the spirit of the Nazarene. He was not bitter toward his persecutors, who abused him and swore falsely against him. He rather prayed for them and committed his case to God, who said, "Vengeance is Mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

The police were determined that a number of colored victims should be sent to prison for the trouble the riots gave them, and more especially the ring leaders. As Mays was considered a ring leader, everything was done to convict him and so he received a long sentence for an offence he had not done.

I wrote to the Governor, and laid all the facts in my possession before him, but the police and the District Attorney's office blocked the way, and as Mays was a

friendless and moneyless negro, he had to serve his full term in prison. Well may we exclaim, "O justice! justice! how many crimes have been committed in thy name!"

[Mrs. Bruen, who was a friend of the prisoners and the Tombs Mission, furnished me at different times with hundreds of Bibles for the prisoners. But certain "religious" persons who visited the Tombs, told the keepers and "trustees" to take them away and many of them were either burned in the furnace or sent out with the old waste paper. In this way I lost many Bibles. Mrs. Bruen has since gone to heaven, but will be long remembered for her generosity and kindness to the prisoners.]

The Conversion of Archie Sloss

One of the most remarkable conversions of modern times, is that of Archie Sloss, known for many years as a western desperado, and one beyond reach. Sloss's career as a crook would fill a good sized book, and then all would not be told. In a word he had been through every place of sin, having drank the criminal side of life to its bitterest dregs. Sloss had been sentenced to prison for every crime on the calendar, till he had spent forty years behind the bars.

In the beginning of his criminal life his people had done everything possible for him that he might be a different man and change his way of living, but his prison punishment did him no good. He preferred prison to that of living an honest life. And he refused the advice of friends and neighbors, who pointed him to a better life.

After he had been forty years in prison, and known then as a hopeless criminal, he was converted to God, through the instrumentality of the simple Gospel of Christ. And for eleven years afterwards he lived an exemplary Christian life.

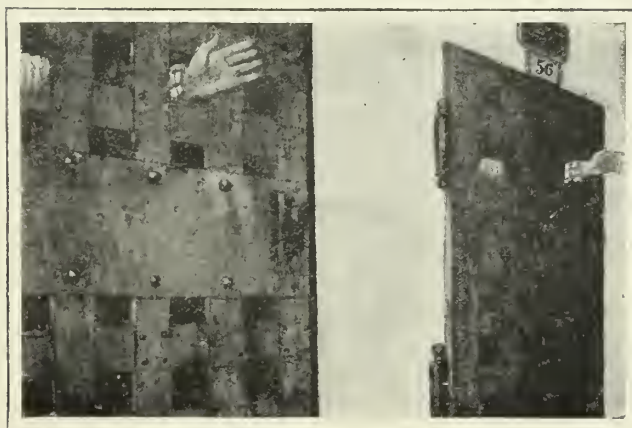
This shows what the Gospel can do for men lost in sin. Jesus Christ can save to the uttermost all that come unto

God through Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them.

Hundreds of such cases might be mentioned, if that were necessary to convince unbelievers of the power of Christ, but in this day that would be entirely unnecessary.



Prisoners Reading the Bible in Cell.



The Old Tombs Prison. Prisoners desiring to be remembered in prayer by putting their hands through the grating.

CHAPTER XX

MIKE DUNN CONVERTED AFTER THIRTY YEARS
IN PRISON

When I was a student in Union Theological Seminary, I frequently visited Jerry McAuley's Mission, on Water Street, situated underneath the Brooklyn Bridge. Here I met Jerry and talked to him. Hundreds of people from all the churches of the city and out of the city went down to Water Street to see the sights that took place there nightly. Here could be seen the practical working of Christianity at short range. To many a cold blooded church member the conversion of drunkards, crooks and harlots was a scene long to be remembered. The fact is the most astonishing transformations took place almost nightly in this mission of the most hardened men and women of New York. I have seen Mike Dunn in Jerry's Mission and heard him give his testimony more than once. The story of his conversion was as marvelous as that of Jerry McAuley's.

Mike Dunn was born and brought up a criminal, and spent more than thirty years of the fifty-three years of his life behind prison bars. Mike said that when he was a mere kid, before he had reached his 'teens, he was in prison five times. And no wonder, for all his family were criminals. In giving his testimony, Mike said, "I was trained regularly to steal. Me and me gran'muther, an' me aunt, an' me muther, ivery wan of us was in together at one time for thievin', and it became as natural for me to steal as breathin'."

Born in darkest London before the days of Dr. Barnardo's ragged schools, that wrought so many wonderful transformations for the homeless and abandoned boys of London, Mike Dunn grew up in ignorance of

God and morality. He never attended day school, Sunday School or church, and was twenty-five years of age before he knew his letters, and he then learned the alphabet in prison.

Before reaching his majority he was a confirmed criminal, and he knew all the "ropes and lingo" of the profession. He served time in several London prisons, including Newgate, Old Bailey, Manchester, Van Dieman's Land, Western Australia, Gibraltar, Montreal, Moyamensing, Charles River Jail and Sing Sing.

It was in Sing Sing that he heard that Jerry McAuley, a former graduate of that institution, kept a mission in New York and was making money at the job. Mike's "pals" told him that all ministers and missionaries were hypocrites, and that they went into the business for the money that was in it. He determined after his time was finished in Sing Sing to "investigate" the McAuley Mission and see for himself what was in it.

One night after Mike was driven out of a Bowery saloon, he wandered down to Water Street. He wanted to meet Jerry, who was a former crook like himself. And it was there that he met the converted pirate who saw Jesus face to face, when he cried for help in a cell in Sing Sing some years before. Jerry soon told him that he knew the power of God was able to rescue men from the lowest depths of crime. Jerry talked plain words that night, but Mike was too sceptical to believe anything that he said. Mike thought once on a time that the only religion in the world was in the "holy" Roman Church, but he had lost confidence in it years ago.

Mike was told by Jerry that he could yet be an honest and upright man if he would give his heart to the Lord Jesus. Mike, all unconscious of his needs, laughed at the idea. In giving his testimony afterwards, Mike said, "I looked at him kind o' dazed like, and answered him, 'Me be an honest man and happy? Begone you! Me, that never had a home or anything but a hand-to-mouth existence all me life? Me be honest and happy! I can-no belave it, me man!'"

After some urging Mike was constrained to go to the anxious bench and seek the Lord, which he did. Mike struggled several days before he came into the light, afterwards he came out yielding all to Jesus. After his conversion he proved the truth of Christ's own words, that those who are forgiven much, love much! From thenceforth he became a fellow-worker among ex-convicts. He went into the work of establishing industrial homes for men. He knew thousands of such men in New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis and other large cities, which he visited regularly, that he might win them to Christ. Hundreds of American cities witnessed to his labors for Christ, and thousands more could testify to the beneficial results of his labors in their own transformed lives and with tearful eyes bless his memory. Mike could say truly,

"I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn and sad;
I found in Him a resting place
And He has made me glad."

CHAPTER XXI

HOW THE POOR DRUNKARD GETS INTO PRISON

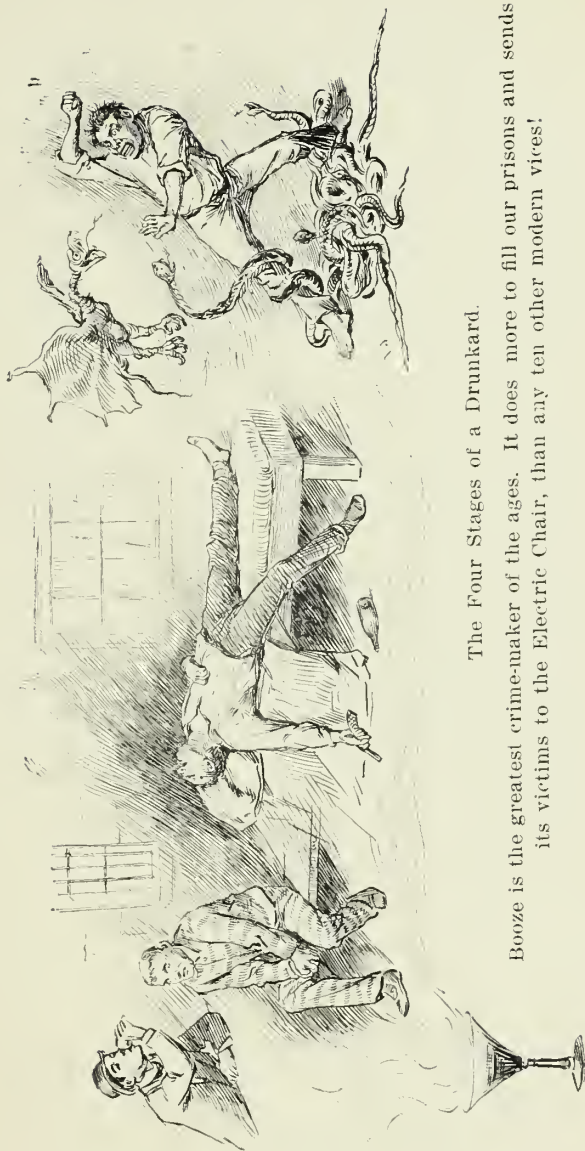
Strong drink is one of the most fruitful sources of sin and crime by which this land is cursed. No other dozen of vices makes so many criminals, paupers, tramps, loafers, vagabonds, murderers and madmen as the cup that inebriates! And no other sin sends so many persons to a drunkard's hell. I have known thousands of moral and physical wrecks, habitués of the deadly saloon, who when they tried to break away from this demon sin pledged, promised and resolved with all the intensity of their soul to resist this foul appetite, but failed ignominiously as they tried in their own strength! Nothing less than the Almighty Grace of God and the Cleansing Blood can deliver us from the power of strong drink or any other sin.

Tramp! Tramp!! Tramp!!!

is the tread of the drunkards' army. They are the victims of the tavern, the gin mill and the saloon. They can be counted by the thousand, old men, middle aged men, young men and boys. God pity them! I have seen some of this army in prison almost every day. You cannot fail to observe them with their bleared and blood-shot eyes, battered and bleeding heads, foul breath and other marks of dissipation. Where are they going? Where could they go in their unsaved state, but to a dishonored grave and a lost eternity.

A Great Army

Nearly eighty per cent. of our criminal classes commenced their downward career by the use of strong



The Four Stages of a Drunkard.

Booze is the greatest crime-maker of the ages. It does more to fill our prisons and sends its victims to the Electric Chair, than any ten other modern vices!

drink. To-day you will find thousands of the gin mill victims in our jails, penitentiaries, reformatories, almshouses and madhouses. In a little while Potter's Field will get their carcasses and perdition their lost souls.

I have known scholars, professional men, business men, mechanics, soldiers, sailors, farmers and common day laborers all ruined by strong drink, and the end is not yet.

It has been proved over and over again that the modern gilded saloon is hell's recruiting station, where Satan's chains are forged for eternity. Thank God no person is compelled to be trapped in the devil's net. It is true the devil is robbing men and women of their souls by an appeal to social customs, but whosoever is allured or deceived thereby is not wise!

Even Criminals Are Against The Saloon

Not long ago the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, which is known as "Cherry Hill," secured the signatures of more than seven hundred of their number to a petition begging the Legislators when they come to Harrisburg next winter to pass a law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors in every part of the State. Since then several other prisons throughout the land have made similar appeals.

No Help In Man

How vain is the help of man, and how weak is the arm of flesh. Thousands have tried to reform themselves by turning over a new leaf or resorting to the gold cure and other fake remedies, but they all fail. Jesus Christ is the only one that can permanently cure the poor drunkard. He is able to save to the uttermost. His blood can cleanse and cancel all our sins. Jesus takes away the appetite for strong drink. I knew a young man, thirty-five years of age, who had spent a fortune and wrecked a happy home by strong drink. I

met him in jail. I spoke to him of Jesus, the Sinner's Friend, as the only one that could save him from sin. He thought he could cure himself by resolving not to touch the cursed stuff again. "I made up my mind," said he, "to let it alone," but the devil never makes up his mind to let the drunkard alone. In three weeks he sent for me again. This time he was in the madhouse. He had been suffering the horrors of the damned. I went to see him; he was recovering from one of his delirious debauches. I again appealed to his better nature by telling him of Jesus, the Sinner's Friend, who only could deliver him from the demon appetite. Poor blind soul! I felt sorry for him, as he knew the remedy, but refused to meet the divine conditions.

Jesus Can Save Now

Jesus can save the vilest sinner on earth, but to get the benefit of His Salvation we must be willing to meet the conditions. We must confess and forsake our sins, asking Jesus to help us, we shall get the victory.

But you must decide this question for yourself. Will you then, O unsaved sinner, this very moment receive the Lord Jesus into your heart by faith? Will you accept Him, trust Him as your Saviour, and from this hour rely on Him humbly and faithfully as your Lord and Master? If so, you will experience in your life the power of His Cleansing Blood, and you will be able to sing

"He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avails for me."

Dear Reader: Art thou in bondage to strong drink or any other sin? Our advice is, Flee to Jesus, the Friend of Sinners. He will not only save you, but keep you and give you victory over the tempter. Give yourself up to Him entirely just now. Cry out like the

publican, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," and you can rest assured that if your cry is sincere the answer will be speedy. "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out." There is hope for you now, take courage, only believe, cast yourself at His feet, He will not turn you away. Multitudes of others came to Him as they were, covered with the guilt and failure of years, and He saved them. He will save you.

CHAPTER XXII

HOW CRIMINALS ARE MADE!

An old criminal who was an authority on prison matters, and who spoke from a twenty-three years' experience, said in my presence, "A prison is the devil's church, and the devil knows how to fill it and keep it full, for he attends to his business." No crook ever spoke truer words than the man who uttered these things. A prison is indeed the devil's church, which is also a moral pest-house and is sure to leave a mark on all who live in it for a long or short period.

There is nothing in the average penal institution of a reformatory or refining character. It is true the jail limits the liberty of the reprobate, the prodigal and the all-round crook, but cannot reform, change or renew him in the image of God from whence he had fallen! It needs a higher power than iron bars and stone walls to appeal to the moral nature of man, whose depravity has gone to seed.

Before we touch upon the great operating causes of crime it would be well to say how criminals are made. It is not always easy to assign a reason for every form of crime, nor to mention all the extenuating circumstances that operate when men are tempted from the narrow path. But in the great day to come the Judge of all the earth will deal rightly with every member of the fallen human family. And of this we are doubly sure.

The dense population of our large cities, the narrow streets, the ubiquitous gin mill and the dirty tenements all combine to make such places the centre of the most accessible temptations—temptations that swiftly carry ruin and demoralization to hundreds of boys and girls every year. Perhaps it is not generally known that some

of the toughest and most daring of our present day criminals began their downward career at a tender age. There is something blushingly heroic in crime which the young man first hears about or reads in a dime novel, then emulates.

It would be most difficult to assign a reason that would explain all the conditions that have led young people into crime, but we are sure that vicious and intemperate homes, biting poverty and the godless companions of the streets have had much to do with the criminal records made by this class during the past quarter of a century.

When we think of the multiplication of evil resorts, such as the saloons, play houses, bawdy houses, gambling hells, moving picture shows, policy shops and other places that harbor young lads for drinking and immoral purposes, my only wonder is that so few go astray. These temptations to crime which are presented in every form to the youth of a modern city are not as much known in rural settlements and country villages.

A great many children of the tenements learn to drink beer when young. They are sent by their parents to the saloon, with the "growler" and are sure to taste the beer before they return home. Although it is illegal to sell to children of this age, saloon keepers take chances for the money. Thus the child forms an appetite for strong drink and is preparing to be a drunkard, a prostitute or a criminal.

The large foreign population of New York and the dense ignorance of those who come from the Latin and Slavic countries of Europe is constantly in evidence in the criminal records of the city. As near as we can estimate, for we have no accurate information on the subject, from thirty-five per cent. to forty per cent. of all the arrests in this city the past year are either foreign by birth or parentage.

It is said that more than fifty per cent. of those who enter Elmira Reformatory come from bad homes, and only seven per cent. come from positively good homes.

This will explain the influence of a bad home on the future of a boy or girl.

Not long ago a young man, thirty-two years of age, awaiting trial for murder in Boston, took his own life in an unguarded moment. He was known as a desperate character, guilty of many crimes. And yet he was a person of remarkable mental brightness and intellectual power.

Shortly before he committed suicide his mother wrote a letter in which she takes full blame for her son's depraved and murderous career. Speaking of the prenatal period of her boy's life, she writes: "Before he was born I harbored a hatred toward his father that amounted to thoughts of murder. I showed this by getting a pistol, keeping it loaded and having it always near me. I feel sure that I would have used it if I had the opportunity. . . . I shrank from all friends and acquaintances and the boy all his life has shown the same disposition. I feel sure the disposition was impressed upon him before birth." The suggestions and implications of this recital may well have thoughtful consideration and application. What about the thousands of women who indulge in strong drink before the birth of children?

Strong Drink As A Crime Maker

The havoc wrought by drunken parents on the children of the tenements is little known except by those who labor among them as missionaries. I knew a man some years ago who resided with his family in the Fourth Ward—the Jerry McAuley ward of New York. He was a printer by trade, a good workman, but spent all his money in the saloon. On Saturday night he often took his five-year-old boy to the bar of a low groggery in the neighborhood and filled him with strong drink. At fifteen that boy was a confirmed drunkard. When he was sixteen he killed a girl of his own age while stupidly drunk. He was sent to prison for twenty years.

Futile efforts have been made to secure him a pardon on account of his youthful age when the crime was committed. To my own knowledge, the father of that boy has been in prison several times for being helplessly drunk on the street. He is dead now, but his son while in prison, to my knowledge spent the time bitterly cursing his fate as the child of a drunken parent. Before God that father will be held responsible for wrecking the life of his own son and branding him as a convict. Talk about crime, the greatest crime to-day is the wide-open saloon! But this is only one example out of thousands. Indeed such cases are so numerous in the annals of crime that their name is legion.

Hunger and poverty staring men in the face have been the prolific cause of crime. Every day in the year some one is arrested in New York for stealing, the direct cause of which is strong drink. Strong drink fills the poor house, the mad-house and the jail.

A New York painter—six weeks out of employment, with an excellent reputation for honesty, when he found his home cold and his children crying for bread, went out and snatched a wallet from the hands of a lady, for which he received ten years' imprisonment. When he was prosperous the saloon received the money he should have saved for his family.

That the way to hell is paved with good intentions, is an old and true saying. Men and women have the best intentions, but frequently run foul of the tempter and then fall over a moral Niagara. They meant well!

Jimmie Hope, the King of Safe Crackers, it is said, came from godly parents. He had more nerve than ten ordinary crooks and in his day he handled more "loot" than any dozen of ordinary crooks. But Jimmie was a king! February 2nd, 1871, Jimmie Hope entered the Kensington Bank, New York City, in the garb of a policeman. He told the bank people that he was sent there to protect their property. That night he overpowered the watchman and stole one hundred thousand

dollars. Then he left the city for parts unknown. "Booze" was his greatest enemy.

Davis who pardoned himself out of Nashville Penitentiary, had spent a score of years in prison for his crimes. In early life he had been brought up in a Christian home and had been a Sunday School teacher, yet when he fell it was like Lucifer from Heaven to Hell. If he had left "booze" alone, he never would have seen the inside of a prison.

We believe a prison should be a place where the offender against human law is to be reformed and Christianized, and afterwards restored to society as an industrious and law abiding citizen. But he must be made to shun the saloon or he will fail in life.

CHAPTER XXIII

PRODIGALS IN PRISON

Tramp! Tramp!! TRAMP!!! What sounds are these I hear but the footfalls of prodigals as they land in prison. By far the largest number of persons that work themselves into prison to-day are, comparatively speaking, young men. They come from almost every city and State in the Union, and are becoming so numerous that their name is Legion. When God in Christ is ruled out of the home, and profanity takes the place of prayer and lawlessness becomes the rule of life, then there is a reason for the large number of young men that go to make up the prison population. Nearly all the mighty nations of the Old World fell after they had abandoned God and gave themselves over to wanton lusts and the pleasures of the flesh. Let America, the land of Bibles and churches, beware lest it lose its hold on God and become a second pagan Rome. True preparedness shows itself in a pure family life.

A Backslidden Minister Reclaimed

How sad to think of a minister of the Gospel as an outcast and backslider. But such was the experience I met a few years ago. Sin had besmirched this brother, who once stood in the pulpit as a minister of God proclaiming to dying men the unsearchable riches of Christ. Six years before this time he had been driven from his pulpit and expelled from the ministry of Christ, for sins the very mention of which would send a crimson blush to the face. For six years he was a wanderer and a vagabond, associating himself with tramps and bums, and at times stealing rides on the railroads. During

those days he must have often thought on his misspent life, but he was mad with life's mystery, and further he said, "Nobody spoke to me of my evil life, nor did anyone urge me to return to God. So I went on my wicked ways," said he, "not thinking of the great day to come."

While I labored in the Tombs Prison I saw the need of a work for the discharged prisoner. After considering the matter for many months, I organized the Prison Gate Mission for the purpose of reaching the ex-prisoner. So many discharged prisoners had made up their minds while in jail not to return to crime as soon as they had secured their liberty, but as they found no friend on the outside, they went back to their evil ways. I was in the habit of visiting Sing Sing on the Hudson and urging all by the help of God as soon as they left prison to live a clean life. I visited Blackwell's Island five times a week, and met those who came out of the penitentiary and the workhouse. Here I met the new beginner in crime as well as the hardened criminal, and had a heart to heart talk with them. I offered to help all who were willing to abandon a criminal life, but I told them that they must do it openly before the world, and then and there confess Jesus Christ, the Saviour of sinners. Some of these men went home to their friends and I saw them no more. But some of the friendless ones I took to my office, where I could give them a sandwich and a cup of coffee, and endeavored to bring them to a decision for Christ.

It was on the boat coming from Blackwell's Island, that I first met Mr. F., the subject of this sketch. He had been a clergyman formerly, but for six years he had lived the life of a tramp. That morning he looked the picture of despair and would have been taken any where for a "down and out." After I had looked him over several times and had learned his condition, I was startled. Then the words of an old hymn went trooping through my mind. "He lifted me, He lifted me, for by His grace He lifted me." I said to myself, Jesus lifted me from

the pit of despair and He can lift this man, and can place his feet on the solid rock. As I looked into his face I saw that he had seen better days, but without God in Christ there was nothing but sorrow and death for him.

I took him to my office down near the Tombs and talked to him for some time. He became friendly, and opened his heart, which was full of sorrow. Then we bowed in prayer. He had told me he had not prayed in six years, but while we were on our knees he broke down and sobbed. He had come to himself after years in sin. At first he hesitated to take God's name on his lips as he had used it so much in profanity, but he then and there committed himself to God in prayer.

Mr. F. was now on his feet and was glad that he had made the surrender. After giving him a few words of encouragement, I sent him over to the Bowery Young Men's Christian Association. I had made arrangements with the secretary to feed and care for such persons, till I secured a job for them. I was looking for a position for this brother where he could earn an honest living for himself. Poor soul he had lots of trials, especially till he became stronger so as to resist the enemy of souls. After a time he secured a job on Fifth Avenue. Then he attended a mission on the lower part of the city. Finally he began to preach the old Gospel of Christ, and was soon after restored to the ministry.

O how wonderful are the ways of God! He took this poor "down and out" after coming out of prison and made a new man out of him. He had lived six long years in sin away from God. Driven from home and expelled from the ministry he wandered deeper and deeper in sin. It was by the grace and mercy of God that he was restored, and to-day he is living a redeemed life. Praise God!

An Answer To Prayer

One of the earliest communications respecting a young man in prison came to me from a mother who

lived near Albany. She was a Christian woman and rejoiced in Christ as her Lord and Saviour. In accounting for her boy's crime she said that when he was a child, the nurse girl that looked after him fed him with "dope" and since he was ten years of age he would steal to get the drug. At sixteen he was a drug fiend. In my letter I told her that she must not lose faith in the power of the Lord Jesus to save her boy to the uttermost. "Only believe," I said, "and all would be well." Soon after this, the boy was restored to her where she could meet and pray with him daily. Prayer had done it.

Many of those who have ended a brief career in the Tombs came from respectable homes. Their fall could justly be laid to lack of discipline and moral training. Solomon's advice is still useful, "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." It is useless to waste time in commiseration. The time has come when you must point the young man of to-day to the Lord Jesus, the Friend of sinners. Do it now! This is the only permanent cure for crime.

The Wages of Sin!

Here for example is the case of a young man who was arrested for a trifling offence. While in prison his wife took the disgrace so much to heart that she committed suicide. The young husband was crazed with grief when he heard what his wife had done. As he appeared penitent for his wrong doings I interested myself in his behalf. I asked the gentleman whom this unfortunate man had wronged to withdraw the charge against him, which he willingly did. When the Court discharged him he returned to his home grief stricken and humbled. After the funeral of his wife, he wrote me, "There are no words in our language I can find that will express my gratitude to you for your kindness to me You were my guiding star in the hour of my need. O, sir! How I thank you! May God spare you long to be a comfort to others."

Mothers At The Prison Gate

When boys and girls are in prison, I have always found that the mother is the greatest sufferer. I have seen the scalding tears flow down her cheeks as she spoke patiently to her kindred outside the cell door. The mother never abandons hope of her son's restoration, and often weeps and prays him into heaven. I knew one mother that waited for six hours at the prison gate for her boy. But God waits for years to be gracious to his rebellious children. Though we have wandered away from him we are still his children.

A Message From The Death House

Some years ago I received a message from a young man to visit him in the death house at Sing Sing. He had been convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to death in the electric chair. I took a deep interest in the young man and often prayed that he might be a Christian. I never believed him guilty of the crime charged against him, and do not to this day. I went to the death house with a heavy heart. As many persons know, the death house is a stone building and is separated from the rest of the prison. As I wended my way up the stone steps to the death house, the mother of the young man I was going to visit was on her way down. She had been weeping, as her eyes were red. I said to her, "This is a severe trial for you, but you must believe that God does all things for the best." "I know this is a severe trial," she replied, "but I would not mind it if my boy would only come to Christ."

What a Young Man Said to Me on the Street

"Chaplain," said he, "the first Sunday I spent in that dismal prison yonder, I listened attentively to the preaching service. I heard you ask, 'Will any one come to the Saviour to-day?' My heart said, 'Yes.' I put my

hand through the bars. You saw it. You spoke to me. I got on my knees. I prayed. I asked God to forgive me and make me a better man. Now I love my God and my Saviour and I don't care who knows it."

This Salvation Is Wonderful

I now recall two cases of two young men who had been sent to Sing Sing for long terms of imprisonment, returned to this city. The Appellate Division of the Supreme Court decided that each should have a new trial. They had gone away at different times and were unknown to each other. From personal conversation I learned that each one gave himself to Christ more than a year previous in the Tombs Prison. One of the young men had a very bright experience and became interested in the Bible and was a help to others on the same tier with him. Both men told me at different times that the one thing that cheered their hearts in Sing Sing while their cases were before the higher court, was the fact that while in the Tombs they had decided to serve Jesus Christ all their lives, and they knew that everything would turn out all right. They felt their lives were in God's hands. One of these men, whom I will call F. W., writes: "Isn't it wonderful how my whole life has been changed. You see I never knew my Saviour until I heard you preach and plead with prisoners to give their hearts to God."

A College Graduate

A few years ago M. R., a college graduate, was in prison. In conversation with him I found that he had been living a wild, drunken life for several years and was separated from his family. While in prison he broke down and confessed his sin. He gave his heart to God and acted perfectly sincere. Afterwards he was discharged from prison. Then he started into the world again to live a Christian life. For two months I heard

nothing from him. After this he called upon me. He was a changed man, clothed and in his right mind. Shortly afterwards a volunteer worker from the Bowery Mission called upon me and said that Mr. R. gave his testimony in the Mission a few days before, in which he blessed God for the help given him while in prison. He was pointed to Jesus, the sinner's Friend. Among other things he said, was that he was again restored to his family after several years' separation.

Fifteen Years Of Debauchery!

"How mysterious are God's ways," writes a redeemed drunkard in a letter to the chaplain, some weeks after God had spoken peace to his soul in the Tombs Prison. "I never expected," he said, "that my wicked life would have landed me in prison, but it did. Yet, I bless God for the same." These were the words that came from a man that was rescued from a life of sin and misery by the grace of God to live a redeemed life.

Fifteen years of incessant debauchery made W. W. a veritable hobo, a dread to his family who feared when they saw him come near the home and a disgrace to his kind. In one of his letters he afterwards wrote, "When I think of the wretched life I have lived these years away from God; the untold sorrows I brought to my dear wife and children, and how I broke my poor old mother's heart, bringing her down to the grave in sorrow over my conduct, I feel mortified! After all others had given me up and considered me hopeless, she still prayed for me. I have reason to thank God for a praying mother, for she prayed for me down to the day of her death. And she died believing that I would be saved."

After leaving college he took up a professional life, which would have given him a splendid competence, had not his love for strong drink blasted his career. On the threshold of his professional life he married a beautiful young woman, only to fill her life with sorrow and

shame. She labored with him long and begged him, pleaded with him as only a woman can, that he might abandon his dissipated life for the sake of his wife and children, but all to no purpose. The drink habit seemed to have fastened itself on him with the grip of an octopus. About two years previous to this his friends saw that he was becoming a mental and physical wreck, and with the assistance of a qualified physician had him sent to a sanitarium. Here he stayed six weeks, but when he came out his appetite for strong drink was just the same. A deadly fire was burning in him that human remedies could not quench. His last debauch led to his arrest and imprisonment. Here I had an opportunity of speaking to him at short range. Like the prodigal in the far country "he had come to himself" and cried for mercy. Under the mighty power of God he found Jesus, the Friend of sinners. For several days and nights he was under deep conviction of sin. He bemoaned his condition in dust and ashes. Then he found peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. During his brief imprisonment he suffered the scoffs and sneers of his convict companions, but he remained true to God. After his release from prison he found employment and went to work with a will, determined by God's help to live the rest of his life as a witness for Christ. His wife told me afterwards that she never saw such a change come over any one as came over him.

CHAPTER XXIV

WOMEN AND GIRLS IN PRISON

From the day that Mother Eve was first deceived in Paradise down to the present day, women and girls have suffered at the hands of the wicked one, and have been in prison for all kinds of crimes. But this must be said in favor of womanhood, that there are ten times more men in prison than women.

In the large cities of the United States, hundreds of girls commence their downward career in social vice, either voluntary or through the White Slave system. When once started on this moral declivity in a few years they bring their lives to an untimely end.

When the poor friendless female makes the first slip, and it becomes known, she is shunned and deserted by her own sex, and from henceforth allowed to fight her own battles in the world. But this cannot be said of men. Some vagabonds have been known to have ruined a dozen of pure girls, but notwithstanding their unsavory record they seem to shine in society. In the City of New York at least a hundred thousand persons are engaged in social vice and their number seems to be increasing.

I have had many opportunities of meeting such people at short range in the Tombs. When some house of ill-fame is raided by the police, scores of girls, once young and attractive, are taken in the drag-net and lodged in the Tombs. I have spoken kindly to scores of such girls, some still retaining a vestige of their good looks of former years, but the majority are repulsive and show the marks of sin. Some are to be pitied, while others flaunt their sin in your face or even before their fellow men. They are brazen. I have always found it much

harder to get a woman back to the path of virtue than a man.

In my prison experience I have learned that women are more easily deceived than men. They bite the devil's bait more readily, and in this way get caught in a trap. There are men in the world mean enough to get girls into crime and then leave them to their fate—in the meshes of the law. I knew the case of a young woman, a typist and stenographer in a large office, whom some cowardly men made to sign checks innocently enough, then they drew the money from the bank, spent it on the races and other fast ways of living, and afterwards laid the blame on the woman. The judge who tried the case believed the woman was the innocent victim of their selfish meanness, but could do nothing in the matter, since she had admitted that she signed the checks and had only received in return a few trifling pieces of jewelry. She was sent to Auburn Prison, while the scoundrels of the male species who deceived her went scot free.

A Runaway Match

I now recall the case of Jessie B——, who hailed from a New England city. She came from a most respectable family and was besides well educated. A young scapegrace whom she had known through a clandestine correspondence, made love to her, and made her believe that his people, who lived in the West, were millionaires. They met by agreement in Boston and were married and then came to New York. She took with her five hundred dollars of her own money, which she drew from the bank. They lived a fast life in this city till her funds were gone. He deceived her by saying that he expected a large remittance from his rich father in the West. After he had spent nearly all her money he decamped in the night with her jewelry and about fifty dollars that she had saved for an emergency. As she was unable to pay the hotel bill, she was arrested and

lodged in the Tombs. When the poor girl came to her senses she saw how foolish she was in refusing her parents' advice. She bitterly repented of her sins and made God her confidant. Her parents were communicated with and came to the city, settled the hotel bill and she returned home, we trust a wiser and better girl. I have known many similar cases.

The Sorrows of a Country Girl

On Sabbath evening, May 21st, 1899, New York and vicinity was thrown into the wildest kind of excitement, nor was there any abatement for several days. As soon as it became known that little Baby Clark, the twenty months' old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Clark had been stolen from her little carriage in Central Park by certain parties unknown to the family or police, there was an intense feeling throughout the city. Marion had been taken out by her nurse, Belle Anderson, for a walk in the Park, where she met George Barrow and wife, after which the conspiracy was complete. They took the child to a small hamlet, nineteen miles northwest of Haverstraw on the Hudson. About a week afterwards the child was found and brought back to New York and the plotters arrested. Everybody believed that a most serious crime had been committed, and the sympathy of the people at large was with the Clarks in their severe affliction.

So furious was the feeling in New York at the time in regard to the kidnappers, that if some of the thousands of threatening men and women could lay their hands on them for a few minutes their lives would not be worth a dime.

Soon after this the wheels of the criminal law were put in motion and each and all of the conspirators were indicted, after which the people began to breathe more freely. In a few days George Barrow was tried and convicted before Judge Fursman in the criminal branch of the Supreme Court of this city and sentenced to

fourteen years and ten months in Dannemora Prison. Belle Anderson, who turned State's evidence, was sentenced to four years in Auburn Prison. Mrs. Barrow offered to plead guilty at the same time, but her lawyer would not agree to it. In a few days however, she was brought into Court and pleaded to the indictment. I was in Court at the time when she was sentenced, and never heard a counsellor plead more eloquently for a client than William F. Howe did that morning for Mrs. Addie Barrow. Mr. Howe told the Court that she took part in the kidnapping plot because she was madly in love with Barrow, and because of her wild desire to have a child of her own. And in this she became irresponsible for the time. She was sentenced however, by Judge Werner, of the Supreme Court, to twelve years and ten months in prison.

About three years afterwards when the nurse girl's sentence was about to expire, efforts of certain ones in Orange County and New York sought a pardon or mitigation of sentence for Mrs. Barrow. A mass of evidence was brought forward to show that Mrs. Barrow was the least guilty of all, and was really irresponsible at the time the crime was committed. The Clarks were appealed to help in securing a pardon for this broken hearted woman, but they positively refused to show any sympathy for Mrs. Barrow. But all over the land people pitied Mrs. Barrow as one that had been more sinned against than sinning. In a letter which the writer received from Judge Werner, we believe he was ready to recommend to the Governor a reduction of the sentence, but Governor Odell was afraid to act in the matter alone for fear of political enemies, and so Mrs. Barrow had to serve her full time in the women's prison in Auburn.

In Auburn, Mrs. Barrow wielded a skilful pen and in time became editoress of the *Star of Hope*, and was known as No. 321. She wrote extensively for the paper, and some of her articles were copied into city and country papers all over the land. She had written a poem for

the Star of Hope, entitled "Love's Reward," which was an appeal for clemency. We present it to our readers.

Was ever a woman brought so low?
Can one become more vile?
O God above, kind death bestow
On me, your hapless child.
'Tis true, too true, that I have erred,
Else why this misery?
Within this gloomy place immured,
And yearning to be free!

I loved a man, such was my crime,
'Tis all told in that phrase;
For that which poets term sublime
Herein I end my days.
I feel that ne'er again these eyes
Shall see the flowered meed,
Nor gaze on freedom's sunny skies—
Stern justice has decreed.

But if you, sir, that sent me here
To pine my life away,
And cannot see the heart wrung tear
That droops from day to day,
If your fair daughter e'er should feel
The all-devouring love,
The time has come for you to kneel
And pray to Him above!

CHAPTER XXV

PAROLING THE PRISONER

The principles of the ticket-o'-leave law, which for many years governed the British penal servitude prisoners, who showed by their good behavior that they were fit to be released under certain conditions, has been introduced into almost every State in the Union and called a Parole Law.

The main object of the imprisonment of all offenders against law is their reformation. This fact should be kept before the mind of the wrong-doer as an incentive and encouragement to do right, so that he may for ever abandon the lawless life for one that is well pleasing to God and commendable to men. All this is in accord with the teaching of the great Apostle to the Gentiles, who said, "If a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such a one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself lest thou also be tempted." When the law first went into force it applied to those who had served some time in prison. When they had "made good" the Prison Board liberated them on condition that their friends would secure them employment, never enter a saloon and report to the Parole Agent monthly.

It is now the opinion of the best and most progressive penologists that the worst thing you can do a first offender is to send him to prison to be the companion of thieves and cut throats.

If you conclude to send the first offender against law to jail, it is more than likely that when he comes out he will be worse than when he went in.

We have known cases of persons who were ruined for life by being thrown among thieves during their first imprisonment. More than fifty per cent. of those who

are liberated from prison without the Grace of God in their hearts to keep them straight, return to crime a second, a third and a fourth time, until they are finally classed as habitual criminals.

The present Parole Law gives the judges of our criminal courts large powers in dealing with first offenders, and when strictly carried out gives the very best results. Under the old British law the ticket-o'-leave man was permitted to go free after he had served about half his time. Under the American Parole Law, men are set free on their good behavior before they are "smirched" by imprisonment. Now nearly all civilized countries have adopted the principle of paroling the first offender. But as some crimes are too grave to permit the professed penitent to freedom without some punishment, we have a statute known as the indeterminate sentence law. If the crime calls for five years' imprisonment, the judge can sentence the prisoner to not less than one year and not more than five. This follows strictly on the ticket-o'-leave system. Criminal judges have sometimes a hard task in sentencing prisoners. They are beset, on the one hand, with the family of the prisoner, who invade the sanctity of the judge's home with their appeals for clemency. Then the Court receives letters and telegrams from scores of business men and politicians. Perhaps the District Attorney goes into Court and demands a severe sentence. By this time the judge is at a loss to know what to do, as he is beset with powerful influences which he dare not ignore. He is between the devil and the deep sea. I once heard Judge Cowing say, in General Sessions, that if he acceded to the demands of friends and weeping parents continually made upon him he would be compelled to leave the bench. An honest judge has a duty to perform to the State, and at the same time he desires to temper justice with mercy. If he makes a mistake at such a time he simply shows that he is human.

It seems to us that the time has come for the church to take a hand in the prisoners' parole and become

responsible for their good behavior. Roman Catholic prisoners should be handed over to the Catholic authorities with full power to deal with them and have them rearrested if they break their parole. Jewish prisoners should be given to the Jewish prison society; Protestant prisoners given to a similar prison society; and all those who have no church leaning given to Mrs. Booth. This would relieve the tension somewhat in our criminal courts, and place the responsibility where it rightly belongs—on the church, whose mission is to seek out the fallen brothers and sisters and provide for them, food, shelter and employment until they are able to care for themselves. And thus with the preaching of the Gospel, which is able to make men wise unto Salvation through Jesus Christ our Lord, we have the truest and best Prison Reform.



BACK TO THE LAND !

Why not send our ex-prisoners to the farm to till the soil,
rather than to the city with its increasing
avenues of temptations?

CHAPTER XXVI

THE EX-PRISONER'S RESTORATION

One of the most perplexing and apparently insoluble problems that confront the social reformer and penologist in our day is the rehabilitation of the ex-prisoner and his restoration to society. This is by no means a new question. It has been under discussion in almost every country in the world since the days of the renowned John Howard, the Morning Star of Prison Reform. There is no denying the fact that a very large number of prisoners are turned loose every year from the various penal institutions—the cities finally receiving by far the larger number. As soon as they get outside the prison door, many of them feel mortified over their past disgrace, and yet make no honest efforts to work out the solution of their own ruined life. It is said that coming out of prison after serving a sentence is a much more critical period in the life of the ex-convict than going in for the first time.

But laying aside all the notions of ancient and modern prison reformers, some of which may be all right as far as they go, the fact remains that the only safe and sane prison reform is when the heart is changed by the grace of God. When a man who has been behind the bars as a criminal has accepted the Lord Jesus as his Saviour, and is endeavoring to live an upright Christian life, having turned his back on the past, and has become a witness for Christ, the world will soon learn that in his case "old things have passed away, and all things have become new".

Under ordinary circumstances when a man comes out of prison he goes forth to meet the rebuffs of a cold, critical world. As soon as it is known that he is an

ex-convict, honest folks will not receive him, and the elder brother in the church, though he may take him by the hand and may casually introduce him to his friends, and may even wish him Godspeed in his search for employment, refuses to take him to his home and introduce him to his family. There is no reading room or place of respectability where he may rest when tired. So he wanders around the city in desperation. Nobody will employ him, nor point him to a good Samaritan. When he finds every shelter closed he goes to the saloon where the bartender receives and welcomes him with open arms. Such are the trials of the friendless ex-prisoner!

It certainly would be cheaper in the end to prevent crime than cure it, after the overt act has been committed, but since that cannot be done we should make strenuous efforts to prevent the discharged prisoner from being a recidivist. We fear that before this can be done on a large scale society must be changed. As it is, after nineteen centuries of Christian civilization there is still a great impassable gulf between the ex-prisoner and the world at large.

In our perplexity we turn to the example of the Nazarene, as expressed in the words of St. Paul in his letter to the Galatians: "If a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such a one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted."

There is no doubt many an ex-convict comes from the place of incarceration with a definite and determined purpose to live an honest life, but unless this is done with the avowed purpose of shunning evil companions, and looking to God for help in the hour of temptation, the ex-prisoner will soon be back in prison again.

A weak, vacillating ex-convict who wastes his time in the haunts of vice, or with evil companions in idleness, will soon drift back again to crime, and nothing can save him.

Men who have had opportunities to keep out of prison, after their first brief season of liberty and did not, when

they came back to prison again have talked a "hard luck story." But I confess I see no hard luck about it. They broke the law with their eyes wide open by giving way to their evil passions and are back in the toils again; that is all there is to it. They brought on the "hard luck" themselves. If they had resisted the temptation with the vigor of those who shun the companionship of evil-doers, their lot would undoubtedly be different to-day and they would have no cause to complain or get off their "hard luck" story as an apology for crime.

Most of our business men dislike to be victims of misplaced confidence and are careful about trusting a man who has been in prison till he shows by his life the honesty of his purpose; nor can we blame them for this. Neither is it to be wondered at that the ex-prisoner is suspected or that ordinary people will refuse to trust him. The man who is endeavoring to live down his past life must expect to meet opposition, but he should bear his trials manfully and in due season will succeed if he proves faithful.

The following lines were written at my request by an ex-convict while in the Tombs. The author was a Canadian, named William E. Todd. It is called:

THE WAIL OF THE EX-PRISONER.

The sparkling river flowed beside
A prison gaunt and gray,
Whose bolted doors had opened wide
To Freedom's voice that day;
And from that grave of Hope emerged
A man whose wasted years
Told in the furrows through which surged
The rivulets of tears.

No tender voice of wife or child,
No friendly hand to press;
Alone he walked, an Ishmaelite
In freedom's wilderness.
Where but amid the haunts of men
Is solace to be found
For one who, homeless and despised,
Feels trampled to the ground?

He left the prison gates behind;
He came where Christians dwell,
And labor hard he sought to find,
Nor of his past would tell.
From place to place his wandering feet
Led on from day to day;
Work where he would, the time was short
E're he was turned away.

The sidelong glance, disdainful smile
Of coarse remarks oft made,
Told watchful eyes and listening ears,
A secret was betrayed.
Has life no rest for erring souls
Whose punishment is past?
Why should the poor oppress the poor
With slander's bitter blast?

Alone he walked the city streets,
Where many an open door
Bade welcome to the merry throngs
From every foreign shore.
But native, "to the manor born,"
His presence would arouse
The busy tongue of tattlers, who
Assembled to carouse.

And scarce the threshold would be passed
E're an official eye
Would warn him with a searching glance,
"No convicts need apply."
The muffled voice, the pallid face,
The nervous, shuffling gait,
Acquired in years of prison life,
Were but the brands of fate.

And, cold, impassive as the Judge
Whose sentence blighted life,
He sought the grave of her whose heart
Had broken in the strife.
The modest garb of charity
Masks in the "Hall of Fame,"
But underneath its mimic folds,
Now lurks deceit and shame.

There, kneeling, as the tears rolled down
His sorrow-laden face,
He craved forgiveness of that God
Who counts it no disgrace

That prison stripes should cause a soul
To lose its faith in man,
And cry to Him to break the cord
Of life's allotted span.

Two lonely graves, two little mounds,
Unmarked, yet side by side,
Are nature's parting gift to that
Poor convict and his bride.



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